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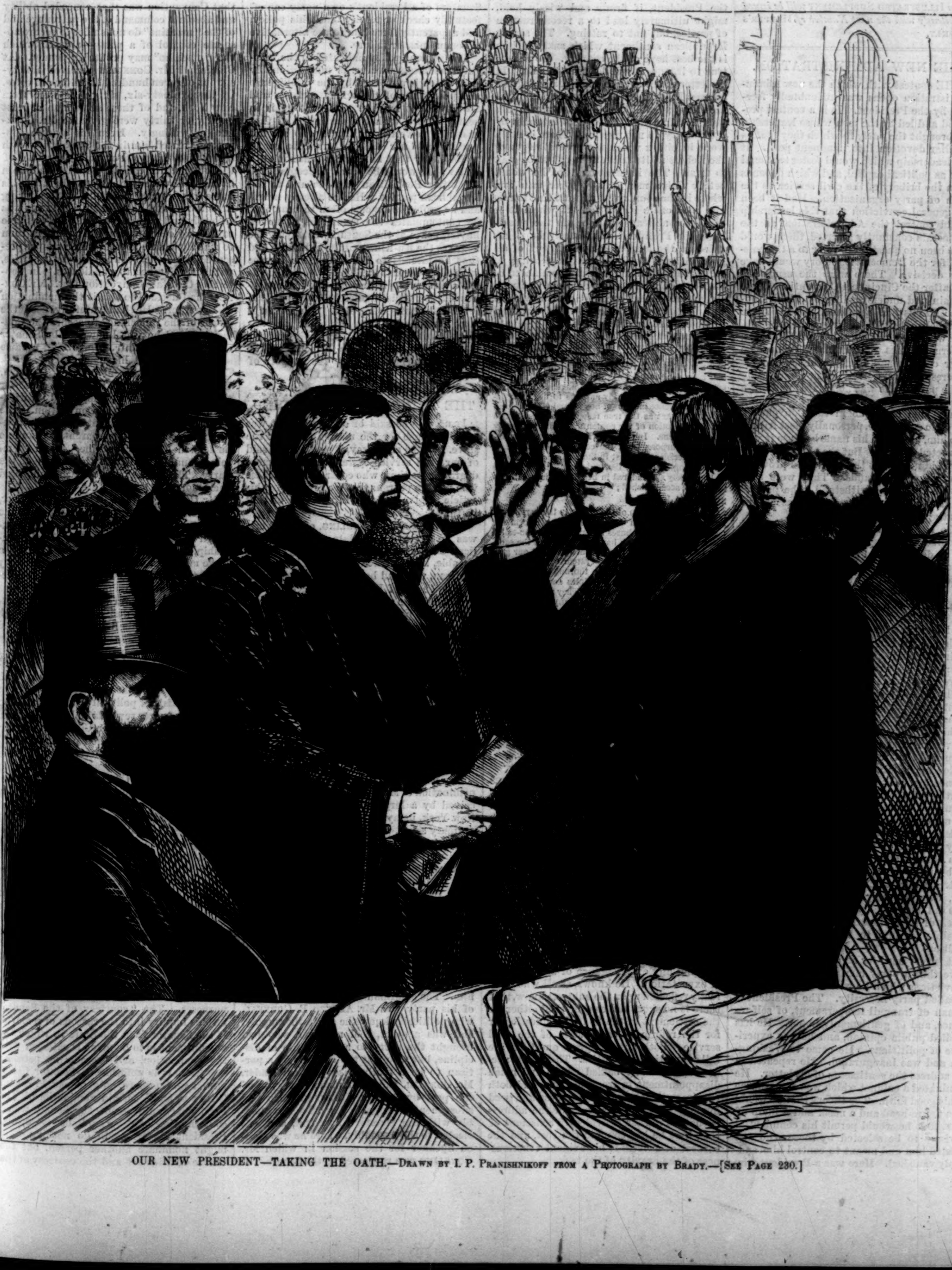

OUR NEW PRESIDENT—TAKING THE OATH.—Drawn by I. P. Pranishnikoff from a Photograph by Brady.—[See Page 230.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1877.

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THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

THE contest with which the new Administration opens was undoubtedly foreseen by the President. It is a contest provoked and led by the men whose leadership has brought the party to which they profess peculiar devotion into imminent peril. It is a leadership which would foster sectional hate as political capital, and which depends upon the bribery of the civil service as the basis of party organization. Had it been the general conviction that this leadership would control the Administration, as the Democrats constantly asserted, there would have been no question to refer to a Commission, for the Democratic victory would have been decisive. There were the usual stories, after the Cincinnati Convention, of the bargain and understanding by which Governor HAYES had been nominated. There were foolish Republicans who believed them, and wily Democrats who repeated them. Governor HAYES was nominated because no other of the candidates could be, and his sincerest support came from the reform wing of the party. He was nominated without a single pledge or promise. He owed nothing to any man or clique in the Convention. The Ohio delegation, personally most friendly to him, presented his name because it was instructed to do so. But the old party managers did not doubt that he would prove to be wax in their hands. They were sure that he could not withstand "the party," and they had a very comfortable assurance that they were the party.

The letter of acceptance they regarded, of course, as stuff. A little experience, they had no doubt, would bring the candidate to reason. Fortunately Governor HAYES, accustomed both to military and to civil life, was not, in the managerial sense, a politician. He was a Republican of convictions and of courage. He meant what he said in his letter, and he said that he meant it. Both parties had put his sentiments into their platforms. Platforms are usually considered to be rubbish. But platforms always show what the managers believe to be the drift of public sentiment. They were right in supposing that there was a general demand for reform in the sense of purification of politics, and it was the general conviction that Governor HAYES meant reform, and that reform was more practicable under his administration than under the Democrats, that gave him almost a solid North at the polls. Indeed, the only serious argument against him was that he would be merely a new figure-head of what was called "Grantism." He was represented as only a mask of the old leadership, and it was stoutly asserted that he would prove to be the puppet of politicians who were distrusted in their own party. This, we say, was the only serious objection, and this did undoubtedly divert many thousand votes of Republicans who thought it impossible for him to take an independent position.

It is very hard for an old politician to believe that a party man may have political convictions which he will not yield to what is called party necessity. The President is a man of tranquil temperament, of self-reliance, and of gentlemanly honor. He has studied public opinion, and he has experience of politicians. He came to Washington and was inaugurated. He repeated in his address the sentiments of his letter. He nominated a cabinet which was a guarantee of his good faith. The theory that he would be a figure-head and a mask and a lump of wax, that he would permit his confidential advisers to be selected by those who distrusted him and meant to control him, suddenly vanished. Here was a President who was more of a patriot than a partisan, who regarded public questions with the humane eye of statesmanship, more mindful of the general welfare than of party or personal advantage. Yet he had proposed principles only, not measures, and principles which his party has always professed, when the attack was made, and by implication, by innuendo, by assumption, he and his policy, as yet unknown, were denounced to the country. The effort was made to discredit him with his party before a single measure was proposed; and the party whip was cracked for the double purpose of coercing him to the will of the old leadership, and of exciting against him in advance the suspicion of his political friends.

This contest, of course, will be a test of the quality of the President. We shall be sorely surprised and disappointed if he yields, and those who know him best are surest of his tenacity and fidelity. Events move so rapidly that much may happen before these words are read. Those who anticipate "Johnsonizing" are, of course, ludicrously deceived. The position taken by the President, if firmly and wisely held, might ultimately lead to a reconstruction of parties, but not to ratting. The strong Republican sentiment which sustains him is the best hope of the country. He will be true to it, and it will be true to him. In his letter of acceptance and in his inaugural address President HAYES says nothing that the truest Republicans do not demand. He says nothing that the highest interests of the country do not require. There is not a word in either which the poorest negro or the richest white man ought not to be glad to hear. The insinuation that he would betray Union men or any other men any where in the country is an insult that harms him who offers it, not him at whom it is cast. Republicans have begun the attack upon the President. But surely he is entitled to the sympathy and support of all good citizens until he does something to forfeit them. When men are nominated to office who are unworthy, or when measures are proposed that are wrong or unwise, it will be time to raise a voice of warning. But when the President says:

"The evils which afflict the Southern States can only be removed or remedied by the united and harmonious efforts of both races, actuated by motives of mutual sympathy and regard; and while in duty bound and fully determined to protect the rights of all by every constitutional means at the disposal of my Administration, I am sincerely anxious to use every legitimate influence in favor of honest and efficient local self-government as the true resource of those States for the promotion of the contentment and prosperity of their citizens. In the effort I shall make to accomplish this purpose, I ask the cordial co-operation of all who cherish an interest in the welfare of the country, trusting that party ties and the prejudice of race will be freely surrendered in behalf of the great purpose to be accomplished;"

and when he adds:

"I ask the attention of the public to the paramount necessity of reform in our civil service, a reform not merely as to certain abuses and practices of so-called official patronage which have come to have the sanction of usage in the several departments of our government, but a change in the system of appointment itself—a reform that shall be thorough, radical, and complete, a return to the principles and practices of the founders of the government. They neither expected nor desired from public officers any partisan services. They meant that public officers should owe their whole service to the government and to the people. They meant that the officer should be secure in his tenure as long as his personal character remained untarnished and the performance of his duties satisfactory. They held that appointments to office were not to be made nor expected merely as rewards for partisan services, nor merely on the nomination of members of Congress as being entitled in any respect to the control of such appointments,"

we believe that the country heartily and joyfully responds, Amen!

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

THE inaugural address of President HAYES has most pleasantly impressed the country. Its tone is patriotic in the highest degree. It is manly and sincere, and it indicates a new spirit in the conduct of public affairs. It is not the appeal nor the promise of a mere partisan, and it foreshadows a policy which, so far as it is carried out, will command the sympathy and support of men of all parties in the degree that they are able to free themselves from party prejudice. The President, of course, does not discuss details or measures. But he properly and plainly announces the spirit in which they will be considered and decided, without indicating any extravagance of statement or of expectation. He knows, as all who have really reflected upon the subjects know, that there is no short and easy method either for the settlement of the Southern question or for the reform of the system of the civil service. Both of these great questions are full of practical difficulties. There must necessarily be many baffled efforts and much disappointment in treating them, and both require patience, courage, firmness, and good humor. The happy augury of the address is that its author is evidently conscious of this, that he has counted the cost, and the earnest of success is his evident consciousness of the gravity of the task.

There have been few inaugural addresses superior to that of President HAYES in mingled wisdom, force, and moderation of statement. And it is one of the happy facts of the occasion that the fiery partisan contest of the last nine months ends in the accession of a President whose first words tend to allay fury and to placate passion. That they should not be grateful to those who are partisans only, whether Republican or Democrat, is but natural, and we mistake the man if he did not anticipate precisely such a result. General GRANT'S first acts as President aroused the same partisan suspicion and opposition, and the pressure was applied, to which he succumbed. The test of the essential quality of his successor will be his ability to resist that pressure, and to compel those who urge it to respect his constitutional power and authority. The Senate, partly associated with the President in the executive department, has gradually encroached upon his legitimate rights, until it has absorbed much of the executive power, and has limited its independence. The abuses of practice are such that a few Senators of a President's own party can effectually check or totally block his policy, and apparently force him to the alternative of compromise or failure.

The general policy indicated in the inaugural address, however, is unquestionably that which is approved by the intelligence and patriotism of the whole country, and the President may be sure that he is in hearty accord with the sentiment of that vast and powerful multitude who are not "politicians" nor office-seekers. He knows undoubtedly that he could not announce a policy that would be equally acceptable to the bitter Republican partisan and to the Republican patriot. He has already heard, and he probably expects often to hear, that he contemplates the monstrous crime of buying peace at the South by betraying the negro to the Ku-Klux and the bulldozer, and that he intends to fill the public service with Copperheads and rebels. But he is not a novice in public life. He has doubtless learned to distinguish between partisan fever and patriotic warmth. The former is very fierce and evanescent. The latter is vital. In the wise and honorable and humane policy indicated in his address the President may count upon the support of the mass of his countrymen.

THE THING TO BE REFORMED.

IT used to be said of slavery that it was morally worse for the master than for the slave. In the same way, it may now be said of our civil service system that it is more degrading to those who control than to those who receive patronage. We propose in this article to give a recent illustration of that truth.

Senator ROSCOE CONKLING, of New York, was last year a candidate for the Republican nomination to the Presidency. He is an able, high-spirited man, and an intense partisan, who had been the foremost friend and defender of President GRANT through thick and thin, and a recognized leader in the general policy that had brought Republican ascendency into grave peril, including especially the prostitution of the civil service to personal political ends. For a reform of that service which, within reasonable limits, should remove it from merely partisan control, Mr. CONKLING had and has only superb scorn. He holds in its extreme sense the doctrine of Mr. MARCY, that to the victor belong the spoils of his enemy, and he has never failed to carry the doctrine into practice. In the condition of feeling among Republicans a year ago, nothing would more surely have overthrown the party than the nomination of Mr. CONKLING. This was perceived by a large body of Republicans in New York, many of whom were not, in the ordinary sense, politicians, while many others were politicians of experience, whose hostility to the Senator was largely due to personal politics. The opposition, therefore, had no other mutual understanding than arose from agreement that the nomination of Mr. CONKLING would be a fatal mistake, and it had no organization whatever. The Senator and his friends, however, were thoroughly organized. For four years he had absolutely controlled the national patronage in the State. The late President felt deeply indebted to him, and was anxious to serve him. The chairman of the State Committee of his party was Mr. ALONZO B. CORNELL, who politically knew the State thoroughly, and was a quiet, cool manager, who had brought the party to a high state of discipline, but who was too exclusively a partisan to be a really wise political leader. Mr. CORNELL had been made Surveyor of the port by Senator CONKLING. He had subsequently resigned the office, presumably with the Senator's approval, and was elected to the Assembly, where he was chosen Speaker for the session in which Mr. CONKLING was re-elected to the Senate. It was well understood that Mr. CORNELL was desirous of political advancement, and that Mr. CONKLING would befriend him. Senator CONKLING was thus a year ago the head of the party "machine" in the State, which was in admirable working order, while Mr. CORNELL was his most efficient lieutenant.

So perfect was the party discipline and subordination supposed to be that when Republicans of the Union League Club, of the highest character and standing, passed resolutions condemning the prostitution of the public service to personal ends, Mr. CORNELL, in a private dispatch to Mr. CONKLING, which was immediately published, characterized the resolutions as "impudent declarations." The CORNELL State Committee had called the Convention to select delegates to Cincinnati to meet in March. The entire power of the "machine" was turned to secure a unanimous delegation for Mr. CONKLING. But nearly a third of the Convention was found to be opposed to his nomination, and it was made evident to the country that the Republicans of New York were by no means unanimous in his support. The moral of that Convention was that conceded ability and absolute command of the patronage and of the "machine" do not suffice to secure absolute control of a party—a truth which the "machine" may profitably ponder. At Cincinnati Mr. CONKLING received ninety-six out of seven hundred and fifty-six votes. Of these ninety-six, sixty-nine were from New York, and of these sixty-nine at least twenty or thirty were given to Mr. CONKLING unwillingly. Even his sincere supporters treated him in the Convention with signal discourtesy. For while the names of the other chief candidates who had been nominated were formally withdrawn, his name was dropped without a word. During the summer and autumn Mr. CONKLING was seriously and painfully ill, and he was able to take no other part in the campaign than to make one able speech, which simply presented the issue between the two parties, without reference to candidates. In September the State Convention met. Mr. CORNELL had decided to solicit the nomination as Governor. He had carefully used the power of the "machine" to secure the Convention, and he was known to be Senator CONKLING'S candidate. But defeat became so certain, should his name be presented, that at the last moment it was withdrawn. Unfortunately for him, it was presented for the Lieutenant-Governorship, and its withdrawal was forced in the Convention. The result was that the Senator and his lieutenant, although in apparently complete possession of the "machine," found themselves unable to dictate the action of the party. Their defeat was overwhelming, and their mortification complete.

Mr. CONKLING was still Senator, however, and Mr. CORNELL was still chairman of the State Committee. He conducted the campaign of his fortunate rival for the Governorship, and that rival was defeated by a large majority. The prolonged uncertainty as to the Presidency followed. If the Republican candidate should succeed, he was pledged to the reform which the CONKLING-CORNELL interest despised. But although the Senator and his lieutenant had learned that all the miserable peddling of patronage could not insure control, they resolved that their power should at least be felt as punishment. And no one who believes with those gentlemen that the civil service ought to be an affair of political truck and dicker, a system of party rewards and penalties, can logically quarrel with Mr. CONKLING and Mr. CORNELL for using all their power to fill all the offices with their adherents—a business in which they were eagerly engaged during the last days of the late administration, with the late President as their ally. They had discovered at the State Convention that important parts of the "machine" were out of order. The difficulty was twofold. The holders of some of the chief offices, such as the Attorney of the Southern District and the Appraiser of New York, for various reasons had ventured to oppose the nomination of Mr. CORNELL. They, of course, could not complain if they should be crushed by a system that they approved. There were others who had been found wanting either in zeal or success in the return of CORNELL delegates. The first step, therefore, must be "weeding out." The public offices that had been filled for private interests must be filled with new incumbents for the same purposes. The "courtesy of the Senate" forbids inquiry into the reasons of removal. If the Senator from the State in which the appointment is to be made is satisfied with the nomination, and there is no personal objection, it is confirmed. Senator CONKLING had, therefore, only to ask President GRANT to make certain nominations. The President would assent, the Senate would confirm, the office would be filled, and President HAYES could do nothing. He might nominate another person, but the tenure of office act and the courtesy of the

Senate would enable Senator CONKLING'S incumbent to smile at his futile efforts. 'Tis the most perfect system upon the planet, quoth Senator MORTON.

During the last weeks of the GRANT administration the work proceeded briskly. The Naval Officer at New York, a faithful supporter of the Senator, who in the vernacular of the civil service had had "his share," was compelled to resign, and Mr. CORNELL was put in his place. Then the purge proceeded. It has been considered courteous even among the devotees of the spoils system to leave the offices of which the commissions expire with the Administration to be filled by the Administration that succeeds. But the thrifty laborers in this work remembered JOHN ADAMS'S "midnight judges," and they not only filled offices whose term expired with the Administration, but those which continued beyond the 4th of March. While they were greedily engaged, however, a new danger appeared, which the CONKLING-CORNELL interest sought to avert by what we are compelled to call an indecent proceeding. It secretly circulated a petition through the State asking Mr. HAYES to appoint as one of his confidential advisers a gentleman of whom he had probably never heard, and who was certainly unknown to the country. If a President wishes advice in the selection of his confidential counselors, he will undoubtedly ask for it. But there can be nothing more impertinent than to obtrude such advice without his request, and especially in the private interest of other persons; and that nothing should be wanting to the impropriety of the proceeding in this instance, the request was presented to President HAYES by the gentleman who nominated Mr. CONKLING in the Convention at Cincinnati, and who has just been appointed by Mr. CONKLING'S favor to the office from which an opponent of Mr. CORNELL was removed at the expiration of his term. The gentleman had been of undoubted service in the election of Mr. HAYES as Governor of Ohio in 1875, and as the Governor's sense of personal obligation might be supposed to make it more difficult under such circumstances to decline the request, Senator CONKLING ingeniously selected Mr. Attorney STEWART L. WOODFORD to present the petition. The object was to keep out of the cabinet a man of national renown and of masterly ability, the New Yorker who had been instinctively and universally designated as the fittest official successor of Mr. SEWARD and Mr. FISH, and to place in it a gentleman from New York, known to those who know him at all politically, only as a diligent friend of Senator CONKLING. President HAYES declined.

Among the important offices to be secured by this "thorough" reconstruction by Senator CONKLING was the Marshalship of the Southern District. The Marshal, a man of the highest character, and so efficient and careful an officer that a committee of his political opponents reported that they could find no fault with his official conduct, although friendly to Mr. CONKLING, was not a politician, but merely an admirable public servant. He had been Deputy under the previous Marshal, and when the Marshal was transferred to another position the Deputy was promoted. He came in under the rules of the civil service, the only prominent officer in New York who did so, and his administration was so efficient and excellent that, as we said, even his political opponents could not find fault with it. In the place of ROBERT MURRAY and ISAIAH RYNDERS Senator CONKLING found an honorable gentleman and a thoroughly capable officer, whose credentials were his personal character and his fitness for the office; and although the courts and the bar, that had the most intimate official relations with the Marshal, asked his retention, Senator CONKLING turned him out peremptorily, after the Marshal had spurned a secret proposition, that purported to come from the late President, that if he would resign he should enjoy the emoluments of his office until the expiration of his term. He asked if there were personal or official charges against him; and Senator CONKLING assured him that there were none whatever; that his removal implied no reflection upon his character; that it was merely "politics;" but that he had come in very easily, that he had enjoyed his share, and ought to be satisfied, since the average political life of man was not more than twenty-five years, and he had enjoyed the Deputyship and the Marshalship for six years. The Senator bowed courteously, and put in the Marshal's place a politician noted only for his fidelity to Mr. CORNELL, and the Marshal immediately appointed another "worker" as his Deputy in place of the thoroughly efficient and accomplished officer who, in case of a legitimate vacancy in the Marshalship, would, under any reasonable and honorable system, have been promoted. It is a wretched but instructive history. But no one, we repeat, who holds to the present system of the civil service ought to complain. If these offices are the proper rewards of "carrying primaries" and doing hard and dirty party work, then character, capacity, experience, and fitness ought to give way to the talents which the dirty work demands. But it should not be surprising that under such a system the word "office-holder" has become a reproach, or that so many of the best men in office, instead of feeling themselves to be engaged in an honorable career, are secretly ashamed of their position, and anxious to escape; while others are busily making hay while the sun shines, and recommending themselves to their masters by the proper "work" at the primary and in the convention.

How pernicious the system is, is shown in the pitiful spectacle of a man of the ability, the personal integrity, the haughty spirit of ROSCOE CONKLING, stooping from his great place to work so despicable. He can not wonder that the sympathy and support of those in his party with whom he would naturally associate are withheld from him, and that his warmest supporters are not his peers, but those whom his breath has made. The system which he sustains is a degradation of the public service which every honorable man in public life should withstand. It makes the civil service not a career but an opportunity for plunder. Necessarily it corrupts politics. The public is defrauded; office becomes mere "spoils." The eager passions of vast multitudes are inflamed at every election with the hope of seizing it. The demoralization that ensues is incalculable, and the peril to our whole system of government is plain. The fury of the expiring hours of the late Congress, and the dangerous uncertainty of the last four months, were not chiefly due to horror of fraud, but to the madness of baffled greediness for the spoils. The angry hostility that greets the opening of the administration of President HAYES is largely due to the same causes. All patriotic and sensible citizens, who know that the system whose practical operation we have now described is one of the chief causes of party fury and of public corruption, will unite in cordially sustaining the President in his determination to do something to reform it.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

VERY few persons know how limited is the President's power to effect, alone, a reform in the civil service. President HAYES repeats in his inaugural address the opinions and the words of his letter of acceptance. He makes no promises, but he asks public attention to the paramount importance of the question, and declares that by the declarations of their platforms both parties are committed to its support. His own views are known, and he has selected for his cabinet at least two gentlemen who are in sympathy with him. Mr. SCHURZ introduced a stringent bill into the Senate for the regulation of appointments, and he has been an eloquent advocate of reform before the people. Mr. EVARTS, in his speech at Cooper Institute just before the election, said:

"The future question of this country is precisely that—how we are to curb the power of the immense range of office-holders over the politics of the country. They are killing all the statesmen; they are belittling all the issues; they are discrediting all parties; they are injuring all politics. But it is not a thing to be done in a day. The vicious circle has been keenly touched by Governor HAYES in his straightforward letter of acceptance—the vicious circle by which the placemen make the Congressmen and the Congressmen make the placemen, and both leave the people out; and the first ground of my confidence in any physician to cure an ill or heal a wound is to be sure that he knows where the ill is and where the wound is."

It is often said that it is a purely executive reform, and that, if the President chooses, it can be effected. Undoubtedly nomination to office, and in many cases the appointment, are executive functions. But in all the more important positions, including all post-offices of which the salary is a thousand dollars or more, the consent of the Senate is necessary, while all the subordinate appointments in custom-houses and post-offices are made either by the local chief, or by the head of the department upon the nomination of the local chief. Thus, as General GRANT found, the power of the President is seriously limited. And even if he should insist in important offices upon his own method of selecting the candidates for nomination, the Senate could decline to confirm, and compel him to withdraw the nomination, or to nominate another person, or to leave the office vacant. In one instance General GRANT nominated an important officer who was not acceptable to the Senator from the State in which the office was to be exercised, and the Senator defeated the nomination. GRANT declined to name the Senator's candidate, and nominated another. He, in turn, was defeated by the Senator, and still the President declined to yield. For more than a year the office was left vacant, and a compromise appointment was finally made.

President HAYES will undoubtedly encounter the most resolute opposition to a faithful enforcement of his principles upon this subject. The pleas for the present abuse are many and plausible. It confers upon members of Congress a power and an importance which they will not willingly renounce, and it is the conviction and assertion of the great mass of working politicians that a party can not be maintained if the offices are not distributed as rewards of zeal and labor. The weight of this argument, however, "depends upon its application." So far as selfishness is involved, the "ins" of a party in power holding this principle will fight as hard as the "outs" of the other party. But if the party which is out of power holds the principle that experience, honesty, and capacity should be the tenure, then the party which is "in" will have the advantage, even if it rejects the principle. And it is just here that the disadvantage is seen of regarding it as exclusively an executive reform. The Constitution authorizes the President to appoint two classes of officers; the highest class, such as embassadors, ministers, judges, etc., and all others whose appointment is not especially provided for in the Constitution, but all these only with the consent of the Senate. The other class is "such inferior officers" as Congress may authorize him alone to appoint. This latter class is entirely subject to his discretion, and he may determine in what way he will ascertain the fitness of an applicant. But as this is the only class of appointments over which he has exclusive power, it is obvious that if his method of ascertaining requires an appropriation, Congress may practically nullify it, as it did the plan of General GRANT.

So great and radical a change of system can not be accomplished in a day or a year, and however faithful the President may be, it must have its foundation in public sentiment, because that alone can affect the Senate, which shares with him the chief appointing power, and the House, which must consent to any necessary appropriation. We presume that the new Administration will make no general "sweep." As vacancies occur, they will be filled by reappointment, if there be no valid objection, or by appointment which is not determined solely by the usual considerations. Removals, we suppose, will be decided by the same general principle. The unfaithful and the incapable, and those who have prostituted their positions to politics in a manner incompatible with a sound service devoted wholly to its proper duties, will naturally be in great danger. The President, however, may decide that it is not practicable for him to attempt to undo all the mischief that may have been done previously, and may think it is his duty to confine himself to preventing further mischief of the same kind. This is a point which he will undoubtedly consider.

PERSONAL.

THE Boston *Traveller* regards *Madcap Violet* as the best of Mr. BLACK'S stories, with the single exception of *Three Feathers*, and justly says that novels like his, aside from the entertainment they afford, are "useful in the preservation of much that is valuable, but which historians rarely condescend to notice. Mr. BLACK is doing for these times what THACKERAY and DICKENS, LYTTON and BEACONSFIELD, did for an earlier contemporary period, and what FIELDING and SMOLLETT did for the opening years of the Georgian era, now almost as extinct as the age of the ANTONINES....Our century will be the best known of all the centuries that are within the circle of civilization, simply because much of its best writing, the work of men and women of genius, and amounting to whole libraries, has been devoted to works of fiction—but fiction that is full of truth."

—The pleasure of thinking that in relieving the needy we may entertain angels unawares is often marred by a distressing uncertainty as to the quality of the supposed angels, and the locality (whether high or low) whence they hail. This reflection is apropos of a recent incident. A young man representing himself to be the son of a prominent Western publisher appeared, a short time since, in the counting-room of a New York book firm, and asked for the advance of sufficient funds on his father's account to take him home, as he had unexpectedly got out of money. His replies to certain questions about his father's partners awakened the suspicion that he was the wrong kind of angel to be entertained, and he was politely informed that no advance could be made to him unless he could prove the relationship he claimed. Admitting the propriety of this course, the young man departed, and has not since been heard from. To make assurance doubly sure, the Western publisher was written to, and the sequel to the story will be found in the following extracts from his reply, which we are permitted to give for the benefit of all whom it may concern: "That's a nice joke to get off on an old bachelor! We, my partners and myself, have neither chick nor child about the whole establishment. You may rest assured that if any individual calls on you, no matter how good-looking he is, and represents himself to be a son of us, jointly or severally, he is certainly an impostor....I presume this is the same scamp who has been raising the wind in New York by representing himself to be the son of several prominent citizens of this place, and, I am sorry to say, he has met with some success. I am much obliged to you for the attention shown him on my account, and pleased to know he did not succeed. If I ever, in the far distant future, ask one of my sons to call on you, I will give him such credentials, and he will be such a nice fellow, too, that I have no doubt as to the reception you will give him."

—A lady connected with the Chinese embassy in London is named "The Tottering Lily of Fascination." All on account of her little pinched-up feet.

—M. MICHELET, the historian, and author of *Priests, Women, and Families, La Femme, L'Oiseau, L'Insecte*, etc., has left behind him a voluminous diary full of personal anecdotes of the men of his day. His widow is engaged in preparing the MS. for the press.

—M. GATAYES, a writer, a dandy, and a professor of the harp, is dead. Madame RÉCAMIER was one of his pupils. His Parisian home was most eccentrically furnished. His rooms were carpeted with the skins of his favorite horses, and the walls ornamented with the heads of his pet dogs, besides a choice collection of bows, arrows, etc.

—The London *World* says: "The members of the Chinese embassy were as much delighted with Madame TUSSAUD'S as a farmer during cattle-show week could be, and declared it to be the most magnificent spectacle they had witnessed in the land of the barbarians. It is probable that they would have displayed less enthusiasm had not a fortunate ignorance of the language prevented their full appreciation of a passing cabman's remark—'Look 'ere, BILL; 'ere's all the images broke loose and a-coming out for a walk!'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Forty-fourth Congress finally adjourned at noon on Sunday, the 4th, after a nearly continuous session of twenty-four hours. All the general appropriation bills were passed except the Army Bill and the River and Harbor Bill. The proposed Pacific and Brazilian mail subsidies were rejected, the fast mail was lost, and the President's salary was left at $50,000 a year. The Resumption Bill was postponed by the Senate until next winter. Mr. Proctor Knott's resolution declaring Tilden and Hendricks legally elected was adopted by a party vote. The point of disagreement on the Army Appropriation Bill was the House amendment that no part of the money should be used in connection with troops employed in interfering between the rival Governors in Louisiana and South Carolina. The last hours of the House were characterized by great confusion.

A special session of the United States Senate was opened on the 5th. Senator Ferry was re-elected President *pro tem.* The new members were sworn in, excepting those whose elections are contested, and Mr. Grover, of Oregon, who was not present. Vice-President Wheeler was introduced, and assumed the chair after making a short address.—On the 6th, the admission of Southern Senators was debated through the entire session. Mr. Lamar was admitted, only two Senators voting against him.—On the 7th, President Hayes sent to the Senate the following cabinet nominations: William M. Evarts, Secretary of State; Senator Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury; George W. M'Crary, Secretary of War; R. M. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy; Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior; D. M. Key, Postmaster-General; and General Devens, Attorney-General. The nominations were all laid on the table, to be referred to committees when the committees are appointed. The case of Senator-elect Kellogg was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. The case of the rival claimants from South Carolina, Corbin and Butler, was also referred.—On the 8th, the Senate confirmed the nomination of Senator Sherman as Secretary of the Treasury. Senators Morgan, of Alabama, and Grover, of Oregon, were admitted to seats after considerable debate.—On the 9th, the Senate standing and select committees were appointed. The credentials of Mr. Eustis, claiming a seat as Senator from Louisiana, were referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. The charges against Senator Grover were referred to the same committee at his own request. The cabinet nominations were referred to appropriate committees.

The coroner's jury in the case of the Ashtabula disaster has rendered a verdict censuring the railroad company.

President Hayes and Vice-President Wheeler were publicly inaugurated on the 5th. An account of the ceremonies is given on page 230.

The Republican State Convention of Rhode Island, on the 8th, nominated General Van Zandt for Governor, and Albert C. Howard for Lieutenant-Governor.

Several disasters occurred during the week. On the 5th, the Bateman House, at Karns City, Pennsylvania, was destroyed by fire, and seven persons were burned to death.—A very destructive fire took place, on the night of the 6th, in the six-story iron block on Bond Street near Broadway, in this city, known as the Waltham Building, occupied by the American Watch Company, the Gorham Manufacturing Company, and many jewelers. The total loss amounted to nearly $2,000,000.—During a mission of Jesuits in St. Francis Xavier's Church in West Sixteenth Street, in this city, on the evening of the 8th, the shriek of a hysterical woman in one of the galleries, followed by a cry of fire, caused a panic among the congregation. In attempting to escape down a narrow and winding stairway a woman fell. Others fell over her, and before the desperate rush could be restrained, six women and a little boy were trampled to death.

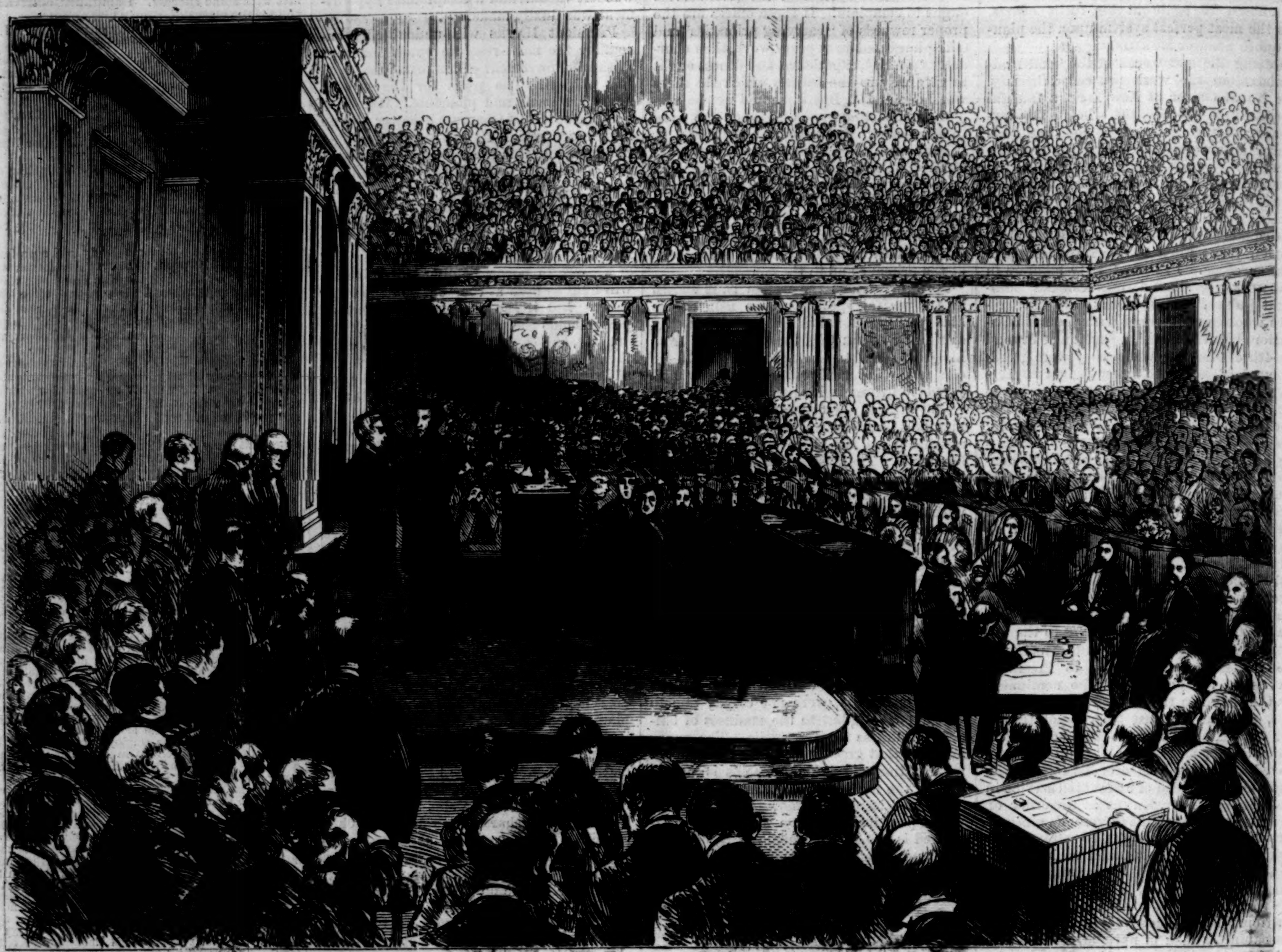
FOREIGN NEWS.

REUTER'S dispatch from Paris says that, in a cabinet council held to consider the amendment of the press law, President M'Mahon said he must insist on the retention of the clause relative to defamation of foreign sovereigns.

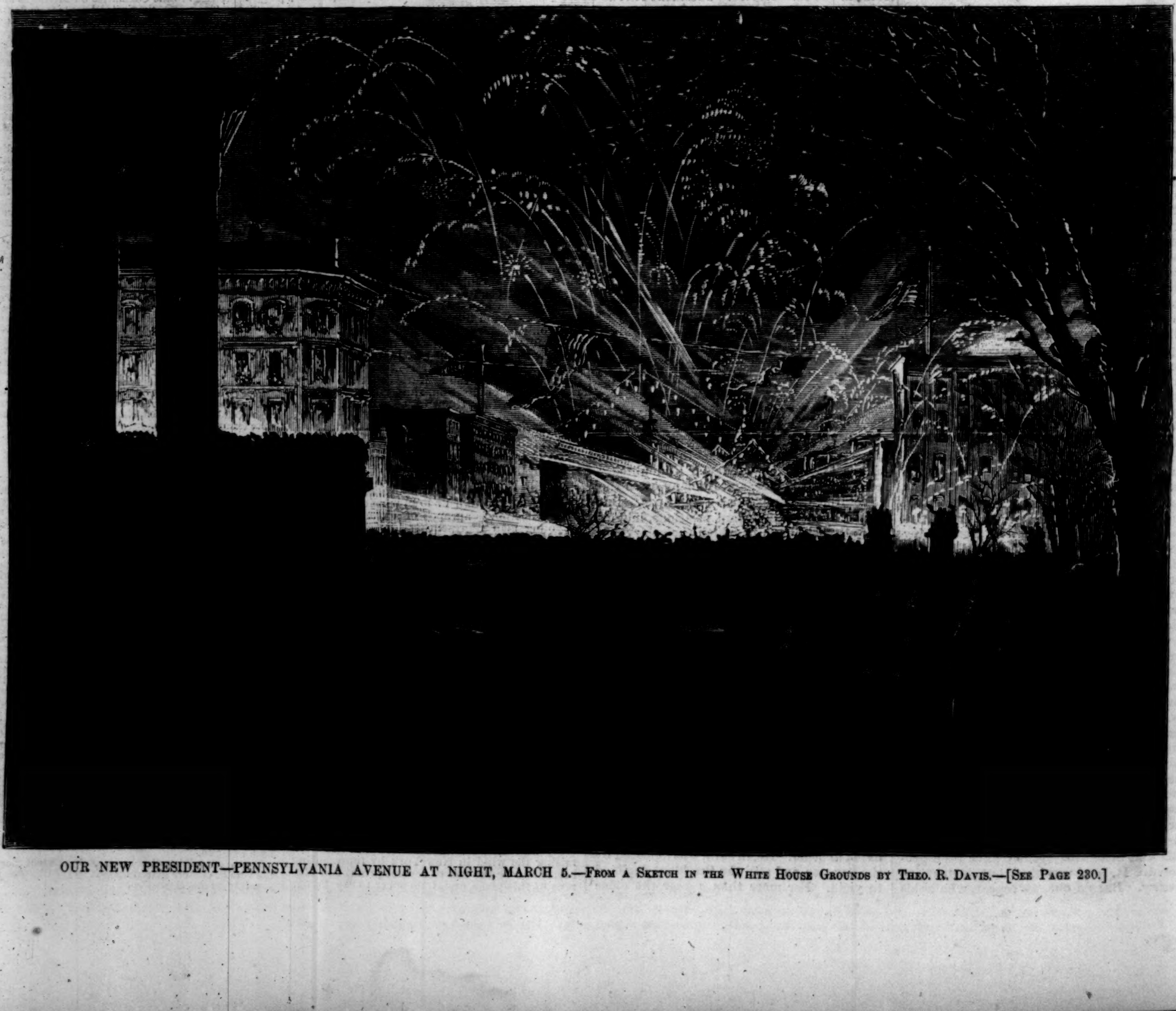
The *Political Correspondence*, of Vienna, publishes a letter from St. Petersburg stating that the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Gortchakoff, has instructed Count Schouvaloff, the Russian minister to Great Britain, to urge the British cabinet to reply to the Russian circular of the 31st of January last. Count Schouvaloff is simultaneously instructed to explain Russia's views as follows: Either of the powers, and especially England, is to consider the treaty of 1856 as binding, notwithstanding the Porte's rejection of the decisions of the Conference, or Russia will regard the Porte's rights derived from the treaty as annulled. In the first case, Russia claims that the powers must co-operate to bring about the Porte's complete acceptance of the resolutions in the original form in which they were adopted at the preliminary conferences at Constantinople, and thus every means be afforded Russia of avoiding warlike complications. If, however, the signatory powers still remain inactive, Russia will consider that they renounce insisting upon the obligations of Turkey and also Turkish rights. Russia will accordingly declare the treaty of Paris null and void as affecting herself, and reserve to herself the right of independent action. Similar instructions have been sent to the Russian embassadors at Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and Rome.

An explosion took place, on the 8th, in the Worcester Colliery, near Swansea. All the miners were at work at the time. Sixteen dead bodies have thus far been removed.

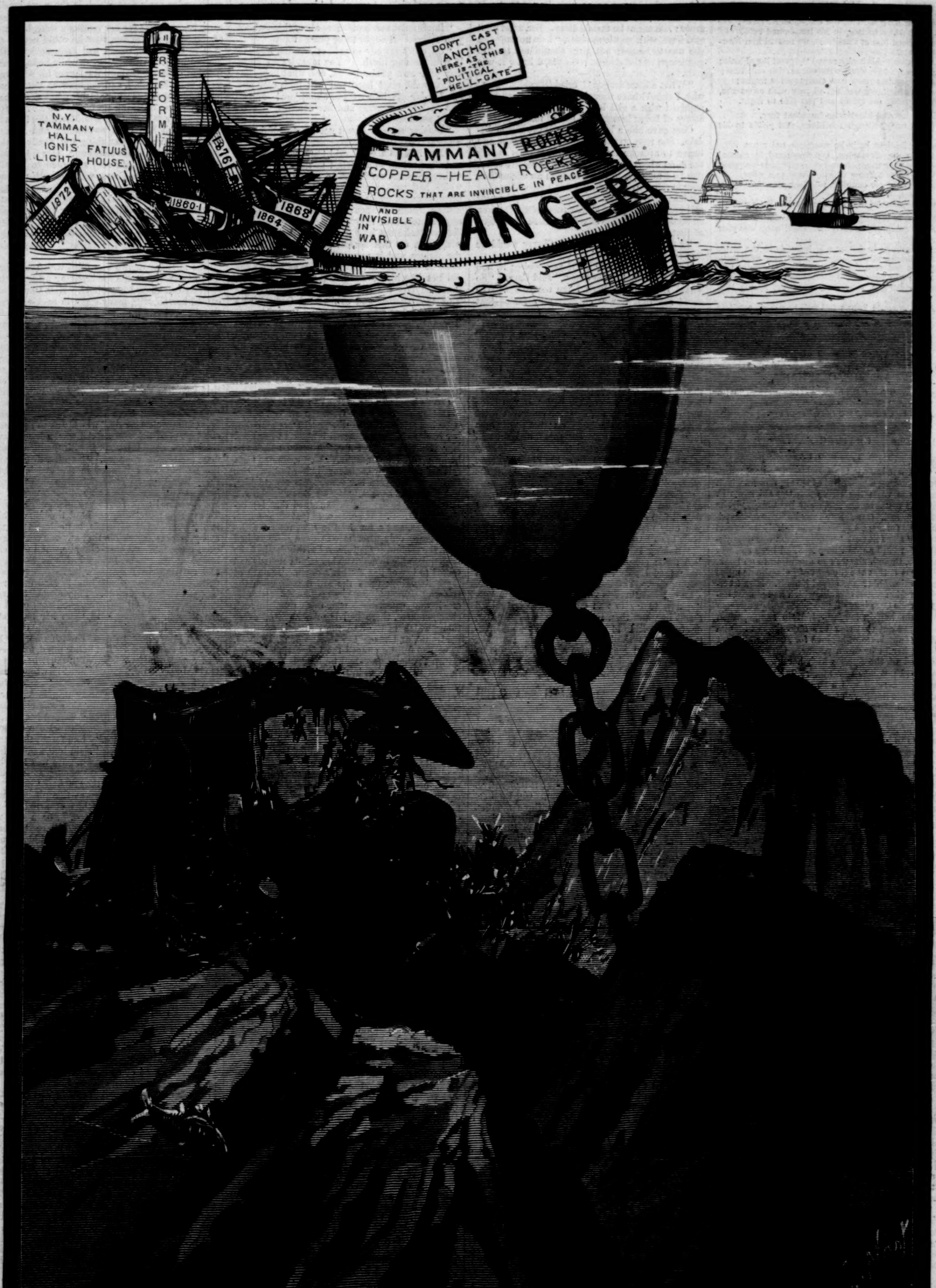
The Greek ministry has resigned, in consequence of the vote of censure passed upon it by the Chamber for granting an illegal pension.



OUR NEW PRESIDENT—VICE-PRESIDENT WHEELER TAKING THE OATH IN THE SENATE-CHAMBER.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 230.]



OUR NEW PRESIDENT—PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AT NIGHT, MARCH 5.—From a Sketch in the White House Grounds by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 230.]



EVER SO TO "ANCIENT FRAUDS"—A BUOY TO WARD OFF SOUTHERN NAVIGATORS FROM "A SNARE AND A DELUSION."

THE Charleston *News and Courier* says: "There are signs in Washington that the Northern Democrats are dissatisfied with the conduct of the Southern Congressmen. What these Northern Democrats fear, whatever it is, will not be made impossible of occurrence by denunciation of the South. The South has been true as steel to the National Democracy. Wade Hampton, free from the incumbrance of the Tilden electoral ticket, would have been elected Governor of South Carolina by 10,000 majority....They hazarded every thing for the Northern Democracy. In return, no single thing was done by the National Democracy to help us in our mortal struggle. So with every Southern State. In plain words, the South makes the National Democracy the power that they are, and the least that Southern Democrats expect is that they be treated with courtesy and respect."

MARCH.

DEATH to King Winter, the cold-blooded tyrant
That held us so long in his iron-bound rule!
We crowned him at Christmas, we feasted him New-Year,
And drank to his health round the great log of Yule;
But now we have done with our slavish oblations;
A maiden has risen who conquers his might;
She is coming, our darling, all rosy with sweetness,
To smile at the tyrant and put him to flight.

But see how he blusters in impotent fury,
While earth, though rebellious, still yields to his claim!
Like an insolent bully he swaggers and rages
Against the fair maiden. Old Graybeard, for shame!
Loud are your trumpets and sharp are your weapons:
What do you know of a fair woman's wiles,
The might of her cunning, the strength of her weakness,
Or the mischief that lurks in her soft little smiles?

Hearken, O Winter! No prophet is needed—
She'll conquer you first, then she'll weep o'er your bier;
Her tear-drops in falling will bring forth the roses,
And the world will forget that you ever were here.
Ay! riot and rage, for your downfall is coming:
A word in your ear, O my blustering friend—
Your beard tells your sex, but sweet Spring is a woman,
And the world knows full well how such conflicts all end.

(Continued from No. 1053, page 167.)

CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "INNOCENT," "SQUIRE ARDEN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," "OMBRA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

BREAKING UP.

CARA was busy in the drawing-room next morning, arranging a basketful of spring flowers which had come from the Hill, when Oswald came in with his usual budget. He was light-hearted, she was very sad. Oswald was gay because of the triumph he foresaw, and Cara was doubly depressed because she felt that her depression was ungrateful to the kind aunts whom she had been so sorry to leave, though she was so unwilling to go back. Why was it that the thought of going home made her so miserable? she asked herself. Miss Cherry's delusion about Oswald, which had almost imposed upon Cara herself, had floated all away from her mind, half in laughter, half in shame, when she found out that Oswald's object was to make her the confidante of his love for another girl, not to love her in her own person. Cara had been ashamed of the fancy which her aunt's suggestions had put into her mind, but the *désillusion* had been a relief, and a more sympathetic confidante could not have been. She was interested in every step of the nascent romance, eager to hear all about the romantic intercourse, consisting chiefly of looks and distant salutations, which he confided to her. No suspicion that she knew who his Agnes was had crossed Cara's mind, for Agnes Burchell was just so much older than herself as to have removed her above the terms of intimacy which are so readily formed between country neighbors. It was Liddy, the third girl of the family, who was Cara's contemporary, and it was to Miss Cherry that Agnes talked when she went to the Hill. But Cara was less interested than usual to-day; her mind was occupied with her own affairs, and that future which seemed, for the moment, so dim and deprived of all the light and brightness of life. When Oswald took the basket of crocuses out of her hand, and bid her to sit down and listen to him, she complied languidly, without any of the bright avidity and interest which were so pleasant to him. At first, however, occupied by his own tale, he did not even notice this failure. He told her of all that had happened, of the sudden apparition of Sister Mary Jane, and the fright in which his companion had left him. Oswald told the story with a smile. It amused him as if it had happened, Cara said to herself, being in a state of mind to judge more harshly than usual, to some one else.

"But it would not be pleasant for her," said Cara. "I don't think she would laugh, Oswald. Even if there was nothing wrong in talking to you, she would feel as if there was when she saw the Sister. Do you think it is—quite—nice—that is a stupid word, I know, but it is the one that comes easiest—quite—quite—kind—to—"

"To what, Cara?"

"Get a girl into trouble like that, and walk away and smile? Indeed, I don't think it is. They could not say any thing to you, but they might say a great many things that would not be pleasant to her. They would say it was not—nice; they would say it was not like a lady; they would say— Oh," said Cara, with great gravity, "there are a great many very disagreeable things that people can say."

"You look as if you had felt it," said Oswald, with a laugh; "but what does it all mean? Only that the old people can not amuse themselves as we do, and are jealous. You may be a little tender-conscienced creature, but you don't suppose really that girls mind?"

"Not mind," cried Cara, growing red, "to be called unwomanly, unladylike! What should one mind, then? Do you think nothing but beating us should move us? Most likely she has not slept all night for shame; and you, you are quite pleased—you laugh."

"Come, Cara, you are too hard upon me. Poor little darling! I would save her if I could from ever shedding a tear. But what does a scolding of that kind matter? She will cry, I dare say; and next time we meet she will tell me about it, and laugh at herself for having cried. But I must find out who she is, and get introduced in proper form."

"Could I go, or Aunt Cherry? I am not hard, Oswald. I would do any thing for you or for her; but you should not be so unfeeling. If she is only a teacher and poor, she might get into disgrace; she might be turned away. For, after all," said Cara, with gentle severity, "I do not suppose she was to blame; but girls should not talk to gentlemen in the streets. Oh yes, I know it was your fault; but, after all—"

"What a little dragon!" cried Oswald. "You! why, I should have thought you would have sympathized with a girl like yourself; that is what comes of being brought up by old maids."

Cara gave him a look of superb yet gentle disdain. She rose up and got her flowers again, and began to arrange the golden crocus cups among the moss which she had prepared to receive them. She had nothing to reply to such an accusation, and, to tell the truth, Oswald felt, notwithstanding his fine, manly, conscious superiority to old maids and prudish girls, and all the rules of old-fashioned decorum, somewhat sharply pricked by the dart of that quiet contempt.

"I recant," he said. "Miss Cherry would be less hard than you, my lady Cara."

"Aunt Cherry would go if you wished it, and tell the Sister not to be angry," said Cara. "So would I, though perhaps I am too young. We could say that it was entirely your fault—that you *would* talk to her—that you wished to know her friends."

"Oh, thanks, I can manage all that myself," he said, with a mixture of amusement and irritation. "Remember, I talk to you in confidence, Cara. I don't want my private affairs to travel to Miss Cherry's ears, and to be the talk of all the old ladies. Well, then, I beg your pardon; I will say I am fond of old ladies, if you like; but I think we can manage for ourselves without help. She is a darling, Cara; her pretty eyes light up when she says any thing, and she will not stand the conventional things that any body says any more than you will. I am lucky to have got two such clever girls—one for my friend, the other—"

"Oswald, it is so difficult to know when you are in earnest and when you are making fun. I do not feel so sure of you as I used to do. Are you only making fun of her, or are you really, truly in earnest?"

"Making fun of her! Did not I tell you she had made me serious, pious even? You are a little infidel. But, Cara, look here; I am not joking now. You don't think very much of me, I know; but there is no joke in this. I am going now to try to find out who she is, and all about her, and then I shall make my mother go, or some one. I did not mean any harm in laughing. Nobody thinks seriously of such affairs. And don't you see we have a secret between us now, we have a link—we are not like strangers. But as for being serious, if she is not my wife in three months—"

"In three months!" cried Cara, astounded by his boldness.

"In less than that. She likes me, Cara. I can see it in her pretty eyes, though she will never look at me if she can help it. You are a horrid little cold-hearted wretch, and mock me; but most people do like me," said the young man, with a laugh of happy vanity in which just enough self-modesty was mingled to make it inoffensive. "Every body, I may say, but you. Oh, I am serious—serious as a judge. In three months. But, for Heaven's sake, not a word about it, not a syllable, to my mother, or any one!"

"I am not a tell-tale," said Cara, "and I am very glad to see that you can be serious sometimes," she added, with a sigh.

He looked up alarmed. The first idea, indeed, that crossed Oswald's mind was that Cara, though she had borne it so well, was now giving in a little, and feeling the bitterness of losing *him*—which was an idea slightly embarrassing but agreeable, for it did not occur to him, in the first place, as it might to some men, that such an occurrence would be humbling and painful to Cara, if pleasant and flattering to himself. "What is the matter?" he asked, looking at her curiously. "You are not so cheerful as usual."

"Oh, Oswald!" she said, with the tears coming to her eyes. "Papa is going away again. I don't know why. I don't even know where he is going. It appears that he can not make himself comfortable at home, as he once thought; and the house is to be shut up, and I am going back to the Hill with Aunt Cherry. It is ungrateful, horribly ungrateful of me to be sorry, but I am; I can not help it. I thought that papa would have settled and staid at home, and now all that is over."

"Ah!" said Oswald. "So! I did not think it would be so serious. It is about my mother, I suppose."

"About your mother?"

"Yes. People have interfered; they say he is not to come to see her every day, as he has been in the habit of doing. It is supposed not to be liked by the governor out in India. It is all the absurdest nonsense. The governor out in India is as indifferent as I am, Cara—you may take my word for that—and only a set of busybodies are to blame. But I am very sorry if it is going to bother you."

Cara did not make any answer. A flash of visionary shame came over her face. What did it mean? Such questions pain the delicate half-consciousness of a girl, that there are matters in the world not fit for her discussion, beyond any thing that elder minds can conceive. The suggestion of these hurts her, as elder and stouter fibres are incapable of being hurt, and this all the more when the parties involved are any way connected with herself. That there could be any question of the nature of her father's regard for any woman, much less for Mrs. Meredith, a woman whom she knew and loved, cut Cara like a knife. Her very soul shrank within her. She changed the subject eagerly.

"Were you ever at the Hill, Oswald? You must come. It will soon be spring now—look at the crocuses—and in the primrose time the woods are lovely. I was almost brought up there, and I always think of it as home."

"But I must ask some more about this—about your father. It ought to be put a stop to."

"Oh, don't say any more!" cried Cara, hurriedly, with another blush. "You must let me know how your own affairs go on, and what happens; and, Oswald, oh, I hope you will take care and not let *her* get into trouble about you! If she was to lose her home and her comfort, or even to get scolded—"

"Getting scolded is not such a dreadful punishment, Cara."

"But it is to a girl," said Cara, very gravely; and she became so absorbed in the arrangement of her crocuses, setting them in the green moss, which had packed them, that he yielded to her preoccupation, being one of the persons who can not be content without the entire attention of any one to whom they address themselves. He did not make out how it was that he had failed with Cara on this special morning, but he felt the failure, and it annoyed him. For the first time he had lost her interest. Was it that she did not like his devotion to Agnes to go so far, that she felt the disadvantage of losing him? This idea excited and exhilarated Oswald, who liked to be first with every body. Poor Cara! if it was so, he was very sorry for her. If she had shown any inclination to accept him, he would have been very willing to prove to her that he had not given her up, notwithstanding his love for the other; but she would not pay any attention to his overtures, and nothing was left for him but to go away.

Cara's whole frame seemed to tingle with her blushing, her fancy fled from the subject thrust upon her attention even when excitement brought her back to it and whispered it again in her ears. Her father! Never since the scene which she had witnessed in her mother's sick-room had Cara felt a child's happy confidence in her father. She had never analyzed her sentiments toward him, but there had been a half-conscious shrinking, a sense as of something unexplained that lay between them. She had gone over that scene a hundred times, and a hundred to that, roused to its importance only after it was over. What had been the meaning of it? Never to this day had she been quite able to make up her mind; nobody had talked to her of her mother's death. Instead of those lingerings upon the sad details, upon the last words, upon all the circumstances which preceded that catastrophe which are usual in such circumstances, there had been a hush of every thing, which had driven the subject back upon her mind, and made her dwell upon it doubly. Time had a little effaced the impression, but the return to the Square had brought it back again in greater force, and in those lonely hours which the girl had spent there at first, left to her own resources, many a perplexed and perplexing fancy had crowded her mind. The new life, however, which had set in later, the companionship, the gentle gayeties, the new sentiment, altogether fond and wonderful, which had arisen in her young bosom, had quietly pushed forth all painful thoughts. But now, with the pang of parting already in her heart, and the sense, so easily taken up at her years and so tragically felt, that life never could again be what it had been, a certain pang of opposition to her father had come into Cara's mind. Going away!—to break her heart and alter her life because he would not bear the associations of his home—was a man thus, after having all that was good in existence himself, to deprive others of their happiness for the sake of his recollections? But when this further revelation fell upon his conduct, Cara's whole heart turned and shrank from her father. She could not bear the suggestion, and yet it returned to her in spite of herself. The shame of it, the worry of it, the confused and dark ideas of suspicion and doubt which had been moving vaguely in her mind, all came together in a painful jumble. She put away her flowers, flinging away half of them in the tumult of her thoughts. It was too peaceful an occupation, and left her mind too free for discussion with herself. The girl's whole being was roused, she scarcely knew why. Love! she had never thought of it, she did not know what it meant, and Oswald, whom her aunt supposed to entertain that wonderful occult sentiment for her, certainly did not do so, but found in her only a pleasant *confidante*, a friendly sympathizer. Something prevented Cara from inquiring further, from asking herself any questions. She did not venture even to think in the recesses of her delicate bosom that Edward Meredith was any thing more to her, or she to him, than was Miss Cherry. What was the use of asking why or wherefore? She had begun to be happy, happier certainly than she had been before; and here it was to end. The new world, so full of strange, undefined lights and reflections, was to break up like a dissolving view, and the old world to settle down again with all its old shadows. The thought brought a few hot, hasty tears to her eyes whenever it surprised her as it did now. Poor inconsistent child! She forgot how dull the Square had been when she came, how bitterly she had regretted her other home in those long dreary evenings when there was no sound in the house except the sound of the hall door closing upon her father when he went out. Ah! upon her father as he went out! He who was old, whose life was over (for fifty is old age to seventeen), he could not tolerate the interruption of his habits, of his talk with his friend; but she, in the first flush of her beginnings, was to be shut out from every thing, banished from *her* friends without a word! And then there crept on Cara's mind a recollection of those evening scenes over the fire: Aunt Cherry bending her brows over her needle-work, and Edward reading in the light of the lamp. How innocent it was! how sweet! and it was all over, and for what? Poor little Cara's mind seemed to turn round. That sense of falsehood and insincerity even in the solid earth under one's feet, which is the most bewildering and sickening of all moral sensations, overcame her. It was for her mother's sake, because of the love he bore her, that he could not be at ease in this room, which had been so specially her mother's. All those years while he had been wandering, it was because the loss of his wife was fresh upon his mind, and the blow so bitter that he could not resume his old life; but now, what was this new breaking up of his life? Not for her mother's sake, but for Mrs. Meredith's! Cara paused, with her head swimming, and looked round her to see if any thing was shady in the sudden white. What was shady? Oswald, whom every body (she could see) supposed to be "in love," whatever that was, with herself, was, as she knew, "in love," as he called it, with somebody else. Cara did not associate her own sentiments for any one with that feeling which Oswald expressed for Agnes, but she felt that her own position was false, as his position was false, and Mrs. Meredith's, and her father's. Was there nothing in the world that was true?

The next day or two was filled with somewhat dolorous arrangements for breaking up again the scarcely established household. Miss Cherry occupied herself, with many sighs, in packing away the silver, shutting up the linen, all the household treasures, and covering the furniture with pinafores. Cara's clothes were in process of packing. Cara's room was being dismantled. Mr. Beresford's well-worn portmanteau had been brought out, and John and Cook, half pleased at the renewed leisure which began to smile upon them, half vexed at the cessation of their importance as purveyors for and managers of their master's "establishment," were looking forward to the great final "clearing up," which was to them the chief event of the whole. All was commotion in the house. The intercourse with the house next door had partially ceased. Oswald still came in the morning, and Edward in the evening; but there had been no communication between the ladies of the two houses since the evening when Mr. Beresford took final leave of Mrs. Meredith. To say that there were not hard thoughts of her in the minds of the Beresfords would be untrue, and yet it was impossible that any one could have been more innocent than she was. All that she had done was to be kind, which was her habit and nature. "But too kind," Miss Cherry said privately to herself—"too kind! Men must not be too much encouraged. They should be kept in their place," and then the good soul cried at the thought of being hard upon her neighbor. As for Cara, she never put her thoughts on the subject into words, being too much wounded by the mere suggestion. But in her mind, too, there was a sense that Mrs. Meredith must be wrong. It could not be but that she must be wrong; and they avoided each other by instinct. After poor James was gone, Miss Cherry promised herself she would call formally and bid good-by to that elderly enchantress who had made poor James once more an exile. Nothing could exceed now her pity for "poor James." She forgot the darts with which she herself had slain him, and all that had been said to his discredit. He was the sufferer now, which was always enough to turn the balance of Miss Cherry's thoughts.

When things had arrived at this pitch, a sudden and extraordinary change occurred all at once in Mr. Beresford's plans. For a day no communications whatever took place between No. 7 and No. 8 in the Square. Oswald did not come in the morning—which was a thing that might be accounted for; but Edward did not appear in the evening—which was more extraordinary. Miss Cherry had brought out her art needle-work, notwithstanding the forlorn air of semi-dismantling which the drawing-room had already assumed, and Cara had her hemming ready. "It will only be for a night or two more," said Miss Cherry, "and we may just as well be comfortable;" but she sighed; and as for Cara, the expression of her young countenance had changed altogether to one of nervous and impatient trouble. She was pale, her eyes had a fitful glimmer. Her aunt's bitter ways fretted her as they had never done before. Now and then a sense of the intolerable seized upon the girl. She would not put up with the little daily contradictions to which every body is liable. She would burst out into words of impatience altogether foreign to her usual character. She was fretted beyond her powers of endurance. But at this moment she calmed down again. She acquiesced in Miss Cherry's little speech, and herself drew the chairs into their usual places, and got the book which Edward had been reading to them. The ladies were rather quiet, expecting their visitor; the fire sent forth little puffs of flame and crackles of sound, the clock ticked softly, every thing else was silent. Cara fell into a muse of many fancies, more tranquil than usual, for the idea that he would not come had not entered her mind. At least they would be happy to-night. This thought lulled her into a kind of feverish tranquillity, and even kept her from rousing, as Miss Cherry did, to the sense that he had not come at his usual hour, and might not be coming. "Edward is very late," Miss Cherry said at last. "Was there any arrangement made, Cara, that he was not to come?"

"Arrangement? that he was not to come!"

"My dear," said good Miss Cherry, who had been very dull for the last hour, "you have grown so strange in your ways. I don't want to blame you, Cara; but how am I to know? Oswald comes in the morning, and Edward in the evening; but how am I to know? If one has said more to you than the other, if you think more of one than the other, you never tell *me*. Cara, is it quite right, dear? I thought you would have told me that day that Oswald came and wanted to see you alone; of course we know what that meant. But you evaded all my questions; you never would tell me."

"Aunt Cherry, it was because there was noth-

ing to tell. I told you there would be nothing."

"Then there ought to have been something, Cara. One sees what Edward feels, poor boy, and I am very sorry for him. And it is hard upon him—hard upon us all to be so treated. Young people ought to be honest in these matters. Yes, dear, it is quite true. I am not pleased. I have not been pleased ever since—"

"Aunt Cherry," said the girl, her face crimson, her eyes full of tears, "why do you upbraid me now? Is this the moment? As if I were not unhappy enough. What does Edward feel? Does *he* too expect me to tell him of something that does not exist?"

"Poor Edward! All I can say is, that if we are unhappy, he is unhappy too, and unhappier than either you or me, for he is— Poor boy! but he is young, and he will get over it," said Miss Cherry, with a deep sigh.

"Oh, hush, hush! but tell me of him—hush!" said Cara, eagerly; "I hear him coming up the stairs."

There was some one certainly coming up stairs, but it was not Edward's youthful footstep, light and springy. It was a heavier and slower tread. They listened, somewhat breathless, being thus stopped in an interesting discussion, and wondered at the slow approach of these steps. At last the door opened slowly, and Mr. Beresford, with some letters in his hand, came into the room. He came quite up to them before he said any thing. The envelope which he held in his hand seemed to have contained both the open letters which he carried along with it, and one of them had a black edge. He was still running his eyes over this as he entered the room.

"I think," he said, standing with his hand upon Cara's table, at the place where Edward usually sat, "that you had better stop your packing, for the moment. An unfortunate event has happened, and I do not think now that I can go away—not so soon, at least. It would be heartless; it would be unkind!"

"What is it?" cried Miss Cherry, springing to her feet. "Oh, James, not very bad news from the Hill?"

"No, no; nothing that concerns us. The fact is," said Mr. Beresford, gazing into the dim depths of the mirror and avoiding their eyes, "Mr. Meredith, the father of the boys, has just died in India. The news has come only to-day."

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Minnesota Fish Commissioners have published their Third Annual Report, for the year 1876, which is occupied principally by an account of the hatching out and distribution of the California salmon eggs, all of which were furnished to them by the United States Commission. They urge an increase of the appropriation, at least sufficient to enable them to secure a larger number of these salmon and introduce them into the rivers, as also to obtain a supply of eggs of the white-fish with which to stock the inland ponds.

Within the past year or two, among the most important of geographical discoveries have been those made in New Guinea by various parties, especially on the Fly River. De Albertis, the well-known Italian traveller and naturalist, has lately ascertained that this will probably constitute an important water-way into the interior, as he succeeded in penetrating in a steam-launch to a distance of 500 miles from the mouth, half of that distance being in a straight line from the sea to the very heart of the island in its broadest part. His ascent was stopped by the shallowness of the water, except after the rains, when the strength of the current was too great; but, with a more powerful steamer, it is probable that a still greater distance may be attained in high water.

The mountains of the interior were fully visible to the northwest. The ethnological results were particularly important, and many extremely interesting collections in natural history were secured.

The Algerian railway companies have been engaged for several years past in restoring the Algerian forests, and on the route between Algiers and Oran over four million trees have been planted, which, it is stated, have already had a very decided effect upon the moisture of the country.

Dr. Bressa some time ago left an endowment to the Academy of Sciences of Turin for a prize to the person who, during the previous four years, shall have made the most important discovery or published the most important work in one or other of the several branches of natural science, statistics, etc. An award of about 2500 dollars is to be given: the first, in 1879, to a competitor from any nation; the second, in two years afterward, to be given to an Italian. The Academy reserves the right to bestow this where it considers it best earned, even if no positive competition has been made.

The Eleventh Annual Report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of the State of Massachusetts, for the year 1876, has been printed by the State. An account is given of the construction and improvement of several fish-ways, and reports made of the runs of salmon, shad, and alewives in the rivers of the State. It is mentioned that the catch of shad in the lower part of the Connecticut has been greater than that of any year during which it has been fished, but that very few were taken in the waters of Massachusetts.

No hatching of shad was prosecuted at North Andover, but the run of the fish in the Merrimac was very satisfactory. The report contains a notice of the distribution of the Bucksport, landlocked, and California salmon, a portion of the two former and all of the latter having been received from the United States Fish Commission.

The compensation of college professors in France would hardly be considered adequate in this country for the services of men of such eminence. The salaries of the Inspector-General of Public Instruction, the professors of the College de France, and the professors of the Museum of Natural History have been recently *raised* to $2000, and those of the professors of the School of Living Oriental Languages to $1500.

The Archæological Congress of Russia is to hold its annual meeting at Kasan, July 31.

The Ethnological Museum of Berlin has been enormously enlarged, so far as Africa is concerned, by the donation of the collections of Drs. Lenz, Bastian, Jagor, and Nachtigal.

A very remarkable collection of animal remains has recently been found in the neighborhood of Weimar, embracing the bones of such animals as the elephant, rhinoceros, arctic bear, deer, wild swine, etc. A special point of interest in connection with these objects is the occurrence of flint implements, the remains of fires, and split bones of animals, showing the contemporaneity of man.

Professor Torell, of Stockholm, thinks there is strong ground to believe in the close connection between the Esquimaux and the Japanese.

Professor Theodore B. Comstock, of Cornell University, well known in connection with similar enterprises in previous years, proposes to establish a school of natural history on a steamer, to make a tour of the Great Lakes for the purpose of visiting points of interest, and of obtaining such specimens of natural history as may be needed for the biological researches of the organization. This will start about the 5th of July, from either Buffalo or Cleveland, passing along the south shores of the lakes, and west into Lake Superior, and thence along the northern shore of the same waters.

The geological construction and general direction of the expedition will be under Professor Comstock. Competent professors will also accompany the expedition, for research in their respective departments. The expenses of the expedition are to be met by an assessment of members of the association, and series of the specimens obtained will be furnished at moderate rates to colleges and academies. The trip will continue for thirty days, unless the majority of the members of the party desire to extend it.

Baron von Richthofen, well known in the United States for his studies upon the paleographic character of the rocks of Western America, and for his travels in Japan and China, has been appointed Professor of Geography in the University of Bonn.

The Society for African Exploration, at Berlin, for a long time under the presidency of Dr. Bastian, has been united with another organization, under the leadership of the King of Belgium. The new society is known as the Deutsche Afrikanische Gesellschaft. It will confine its field of operations to Central Africa, for the purpose of opening it up to civilization, travel, and commerce, by the establishment of permanent stations and the maintenance of exploring parties.

During a series of researches off the coast of Labrador during the past summer, Professor Henry Y. Hind, of Nova Scotia, succeeded in establishing the existence of a very extensive bank, where the cod-fish abound in great numbers and of large size. This fact has attracted the attention of the Newfoundland government, and an expedition will shortly start, under Professor Hind's direction, to determine the position of the new fishing region.

He proposes to proceed direct to Cape Chudleigh, near the entrance of Hudson Straits, and to work back toward Newfoundland, exploring the fiords between Cape Chudleigh and Hopedale, with special reference to the existence of fisheries, and will report to the government on his return. The vessel will be a schooner of some forty or fifty tons, and will be absent from the beginning of July until the first of October.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It has been announced that an intercolonial exhibition will be held at Sydney, Australia, commencing on the 10th of next April. All visitors to the Centennial will remember the interesting exhibit of various Australian colonies, which attracted so much attention in the Main Building. Details of the coming exhibition will reach us in due season; meanwhile it may not be amiss to recall the fact that this largest island in the world, including adjacent Tasmania, has an area as large as the United States. The principal divisions are Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, New South Wales, and West Australia. North Australia is as yet almost unsettled, and the interior of the island is nearly unknown. But the inhabitants have shown much enterprise in constructing a telegraph across the island from south to north, a distance of nearly two thousand miles, in order to have more direct communication with England. The commerce of Australia is chiefly with the neighboring colonies and with Great Britain. The products of both the tropical and semi-tropical divisions of the country are rich and varied—fruits of all kinds, grains, wool, and an apparently inexhaustible supply of minerals. Australia has something like a thousand miles of railroad, and telegraph wires span many thousand miles of territory.

The observatory on Mount Vesuvius was recently visited by the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, notwithstanding the very uncomfortable account which is given of the present condition of the mountain. It is in a very restless state, and various scientific observers give it as their opinion that it may "go off" at any moment. Every thing indicates a tendency to eruption. The inhabitants of Naples desire nothing better than an attractive eruption to draw sight-seers thither.

In Sheffield, England, they are manufacturing paper wheels for railway carriages. A sort of frame-work of steel is filled with compressed paper, which is then dried in a heated air-bath. It is said that these paper wheels have an amount of elasticity which makes them superior to those of steel or wrought iron.

Not long ago a gentleman entered a railroad car in Missouri carrying a stick to which was curiously attached a hornet's nest. He had found it in the woods, and it appeared to be empty. But the warm atmosphere of the car awakened dormant life within. A frantic effort to throw the nest from the car window released a swarm of savage insects, which furiously commenced warfare, leaving in their train cries of agony. Confusion reigned for a while, but finally doors and windows were opened, and most of the hornets retired, while a wide berth was given those that remained.

On the prairie lands of the United States, especially in Texas and Oregon, there grows a plant which has the peculiar property of turning its leaves toward the north. It is called the compass-plant, and often serves as a guide to the benighted traveller. It is described as a perennial plant from three to six feet in height, with ovate, deeply pinnatifid leaves, and large heads of yellow flowers. It is known also by various other names, as polar plant, pilot-weed, resin-wood, turpentine-weed, the last two names being derived from the resin which exudes from the stem.

Among curious developments of the dead-letter office may be mentioned the following: An application was recently received at the dead-letter office in Washington from Palmer Gardner, of Burlington, Racine County, Wisconsin, for a letter mailed to him in 1835. This letter contained a certificate of deposit for $360, issued by the Onondaga Bank, of Syracuse, New York, and was sent from there in October, 1835, by William N. Gardner to his brother, Palmer Gardner, at "Detroit, Michigan Territory." Not being claimed at Detroit, it was sent to the dead-letter office, and thence back to the postmaster at Syracuse, who, being unable to find the sender, returned it to the dead-letter office again, where it lay undisturbed in the dusty files until the Centennial Exhibition. It was then conveyed, with other curiosities of the dead-letter office, to Philadelphia, and there chanced to be seen by an acquaintance of Mr. Gardner, who informed him of his discovery; and thus, after the lapse of more than forty years, the letter reached its destination. The postage on the letter, when it was first mailed from Syracuse, was twenty-five cents.

How it happens that President Hayes is now in possession of two arms is thus related in an Ohio journal: "General Hayes was wounded in the arm at South Mountain. The surgeons said it must come off, and made all necessary preparations for amputation. The general was at Middletown, Maryland, at the residence of a gentleman well known here, and this gentleman begged him to allow his family physician—Dr. Bare, of Middletown, also well known here—to take charge of him. He consented; and although the army surgeons were displeased, the doctor assumed the care of the general, and managed the case so skillfully that amputation was rendered unnecessary."

It is said that the red fish of Wallows Lake, California, are very fat, weigh about eight pounds, and are preferred to salmon. Most people are very well satisfied with salmon; but probably nobody will object to a better fish, if he can get it.

An English paper says that the strike which took place at the South Yorkshire mines about a year ago cost the 12,000 working-men in them nearly $1,500,000, and entailed a loss of over $700,000 on railroads that carried coal to market.

From the records of the Health Board many sad statistics may be gathered. It appears that during 1875 no less than 267 bodies of drowned persons were found in the waters that surround the city of New York, and of these 240 were unidentified, and were buried as "unknown." During the nine months from January 1 to October 1, 1876, the remains of 250 persons were discovered in the rivers, and of these 228 were not identified. Bodies thus found are taken to the Morgue at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street, where every facility is given to those who visit the place to identify a missing friend. After it is found necessary to bury the body, the minute records kept, the clothing of the deceased, and the photograph taken will sometimes lead to its identification; and each grave is carefully numbered, so that, if identified, the body can be removed, if desired, to another burial-place. It is thought that one reason why so many bodies remain unclaimed is because inquiries and search for missing persons are usually made immediately after their disappearance, and investigation becomes less constant after a while. But it is a well-known fact that a drowned body does not generally rise to the surface for several days; so that probably the Morgue is often visited by friends before the body of the missing person is found, but not afterward. In other cases friends do not think of making inquiries at the proper place. The New York Morgue was opened in 1866, and its arrangements are considered well adapted for its special purposes.

In France a patent has been taken out for the manufacture of margarine, and it is allowed to be sold on condition that it is not described as butter. It is made of the fat of beef, mixed with milk and cream, is said to keep longer than ordinary butter, and has the additional advantage of cheapness. It is used in France for cooking purposes, and is also purchased in large quantities by the poorer classes.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A professor, a teacher of German, was one day very much disturbed by an unruly benchful of boys. At last, in his despair, he exclaimed, "Dat bench vill leave de room and vill stay outside." Whereupon the young rascals carried out the bench, left it outside, and blandly returned to other seats. "No, no," cried the professor, "I do not mean dat! I mean de boys vill go out and de bench vill return." So the youngsters, to the confusion of the professor, brought back the bench and sat on it, as though this was all that could reasonably be expected of them.

An enormous Swell.—A balloon.

The sublimity of impudence was displayed in a barber's shop. One of Figaro's customers sees a dog of ungainly aspect sitting opposite, intently watching him. "Why does that dog look at me so?" "Why, Sir, occasionally my hand slips, and I am so unfortunate as to snip off a bit of ear." "Eh! and what then?" "Why, then he eats it."

Speaking of a former admirer's affection, the heroine of a modern novel says, "I shall have more difficulty than I thought in warming up the old broth."

The right Time.—An old colored preacher in this city was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said, "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "and it's when a boy gits a whippin' for gwine to a ball."

A Louisiana paper says that in that State horse-stealing is managed as follows: "The owner of a horse makes a bargain with the thief to take the horse to Iberville or Baton Rouge and sell him. The thief brings the owner half the money, and tells the name of the purchaser. Then the owner goes and reclaims the horse as having been stolen."

Spanish robbers are very polite. An Englishman was once accosted on a lonely road by a ruffian. "Sir," said he, "you have my coat on; may I trouble you for it?" The Englishman drew a pistol, and told the fellow he was mistaken. "Sir," said the robber, "I perceive that I am. Will you do me the honor to communicate your name, that I may remember it in my prayers?"

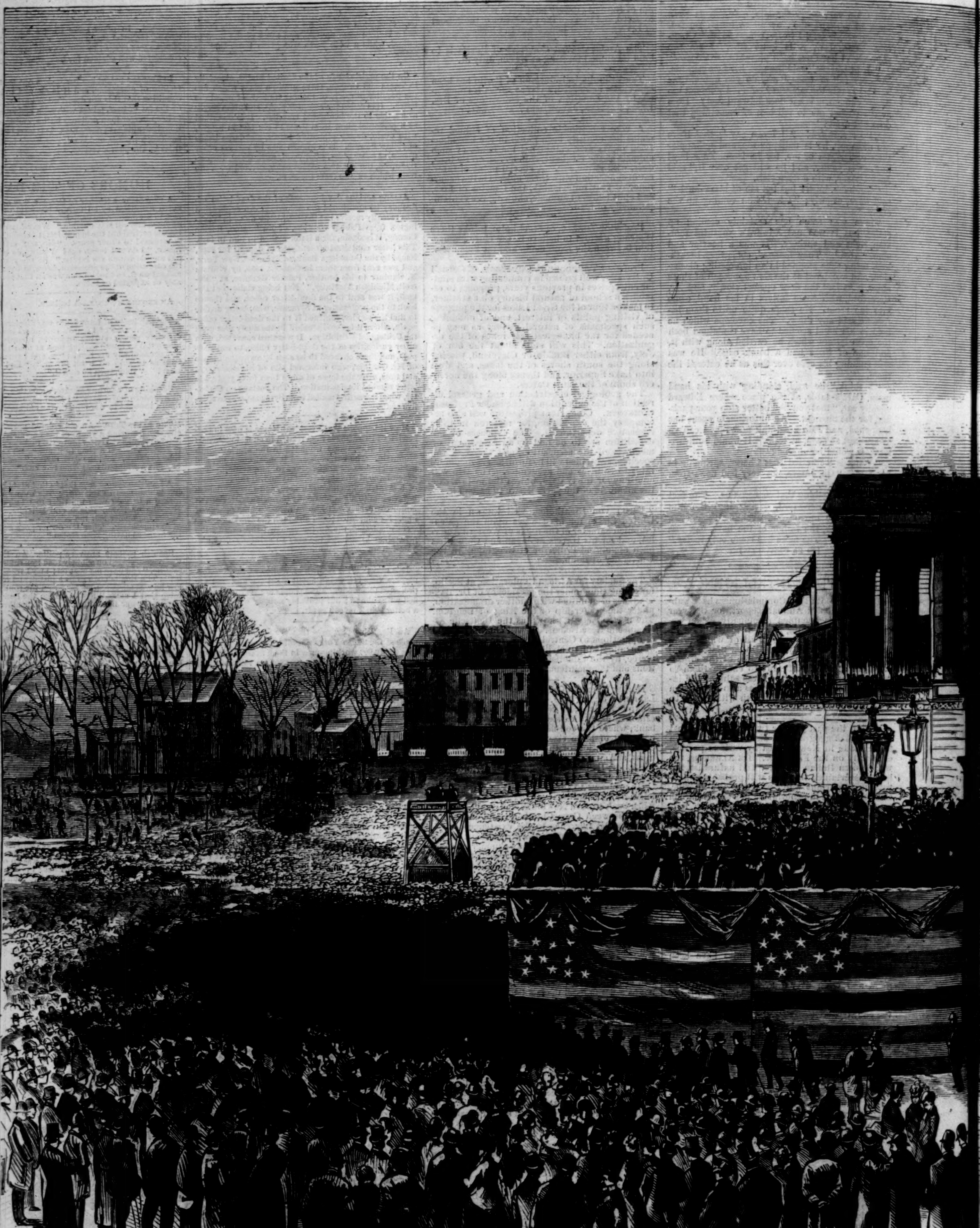
Another Plow.—A young clergyman, who is a successful pastor, was telling a retired missionary that he entered college and the theological seminary with the intention of becoming a missionary, when the veteran broke out with, "Ah! you turned back after putting your hand to the plow?" "No," was the answer; "I just took another plow."

"Women," remarked the contemplative man, "are as deep as the blue waters of yonder bay." "Ay, Sir," rejoined the disappointed man, "and as full of craft."

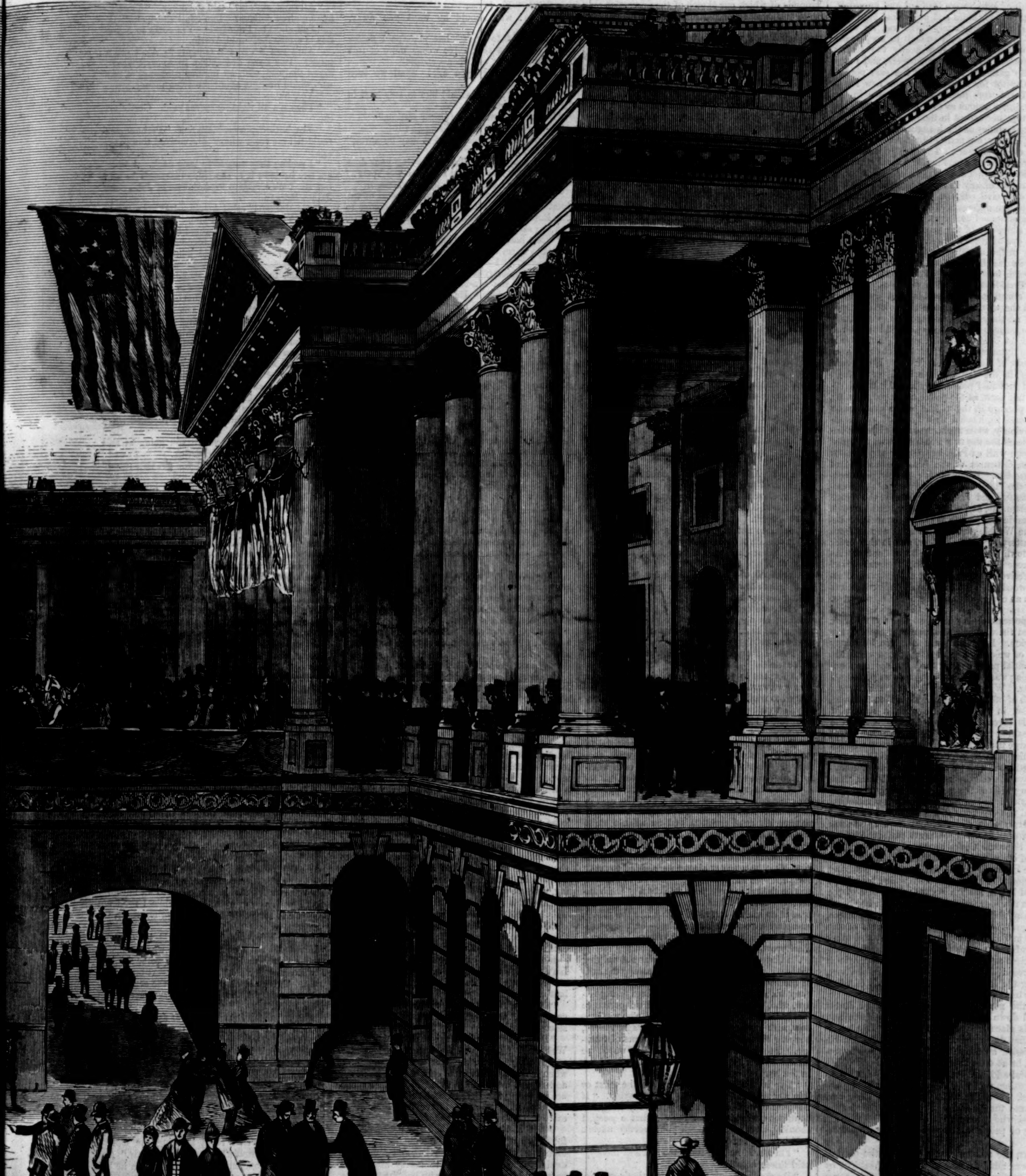
Don't go to sleep during the first part of your minister's sermon. At least pay him the compliment of supposing that he will be both instructive and entertaining. If, however, after fifteen minutes, you feel drowsy, you can go to sleep with a quiet conscience, because you have given him a fair chance to keep you awake, and he couldn't do it.

Taking a Photograph.—A farmer and his wife called at a Detroit photograph gallery last month to have some photographs taken of the latter, and while the operator was getting ready, the husband gave the wife a little advice as to how she must act. "Fasten your mind on something," he said, "or else you will laugh and spile the job. Think about early days—how your father got in jail, and your mother was an old scolder, and what you'd have been if I hadn't pitied you. Just fasten your mind on to that!" She didn't have any photographs taken.

GONE TO SMASH.



OUR NEW PRESIDENT—GENERAL VIEW OF THE INAUGURAT



RATION CEREMONIES.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 230.]

OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

THE inaugural ceremonies held at Washington on the 5th of March were brilliant and imposing, despite the cloudy skies and occasional light flurries of snow. Fortunately there was no wind, and the air was not cold enough to keep many people within-doors. Consequently the streets were thronged with eager sight-seers, and many thousands gathered in front of the east portico of the Capitol for a glimpse of the new President. There were nearly as many men in the military organizations as ever marched down the avenue together except in the days of the war.

The ceremonies of the inaugural, except in the military display, are marked by a severe simplicity and even plainness. The foreign diplomatic corps appear in gorgeous uniforms and glittering decorations, but not a bit of gold-lace, not a badge or decoration of any kind, distinguished any one of our own civil officers. With the military it was, of course, different. The higher officers wore richly ornamented uniforms. But notwithstanding the simplicity of the proceedings, the spectacle was one of great interest.

Early in the morning crowds of people lined the avenue, seizing upon the most eligible places from which to witness it. The avenue in front of the Presidential mansion was a point where a vast crowd gathered and almost completely blocked the way. Of course the colored people insisted on their rights, and they composed fully half the throng. Every body pressed toward the gates of the White House grounds. Every body stood on tiptoe, straining their necks to look over the heads of the people in front. They could only see, in the distance, the heads of a small band of mounted police. At last the crowd began to fall back, as the police advanced, opening a wide passage in the middle of the avenue, and the procession, headed by a band of music, advanced slowly, while the air was rent with enthusiastic cheers for the new President, who occupied a carriage with ex-President GRANT and Senator MORRILL, chairman of the Senate committee of arrangements. Following it came carriages containing the Vice-President, Secretary of the Treasury MORRILL, and Senator M'CREERY, the heads of departments, and other distinguished persons. The Presidential party was placed immediately behind the Washington Light Guards and in front of a battery of light artillery, and in this order drove down the avenue toward the Capitol. As they proceeded, Mr. HAYES and General GRANT were received with the utmost enthusiasm. People crowded upon the carriage at different points to such an extent as to interfere with its progress.

The space in front of the Capitol was packed with spectators. At least 30,000 people were gathered there, waiting for the approach of the procession. Its coming was heralded by hearty shouts of welcome and applause; and when the Presidential party entered the building, the popular feeling was manifested by loud and prolonged cheering. When the ceremony of administering the oath of office to Vice-President WHEELER was concluded in the Senate-chamber, a sketch of which is given by our artist on page 224, the doors leading to the platform were thrown open, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen who accompanied Mrs. HAYES came out upon the stand. "Modestly, but with no air of shrinking or timidity," says the correspondent of the *Times*, "the charming wife of the new Chief Magistrate took the seat assigned to her, and for a few moments received the congratulations showered upon her with a cordiality and freedom from affectation which won all hearts." Soon afterward the judges of the Supreme Court appeared in their black robes of office, and following them came the diplomatic corps, in bright uniforms and glittering decorations. They were accompanied by a large party of ladies, Madam MANTILLA, the wife of the Spanish minister, being conspicuous for her beauty and affability. After the foreign ministers, the Supreme Court judges, the members of the Senate and House of Representatives, and other distinguished persons had taken seats, the President elect and General GRANT appeared, arm in arm, preceded by the clerk of the Supreme Court, bearing the Bible upon which the oath of office was to be taken.

As the new President of the United States walked down to the front of the platform and took his place, he was again cheered with a heartiness that displayed the popular satisfaction his appearance awakened. When silence was restored, he at once commenced the delivery of his inaugural address. It was listened to with marked attention, and was at many points loudly applauded. The President spoke in a clear and deliberate tone, and his words were heard even by those who stood on the outer edge of the vast throng of people assembled to witness the ceremony.

When the address was concluded, the oath of office was administered to the new President by Chief Justice WAITE. A sketch of this scene will be found on our first page. The President then re-entered his carriage. The ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the cheers of the great multitude greeted him as he passed from the Capitol to the White House.

In the evening the streets of Washington were so thronged with people that it was difficult to move about except with the general mass. All the public buildings and many private houses were brilliantly illuminated. Bands were playing, rockets flying, and cannon firing. Pennsylvania Avenue from end to end was one sea of light; across the street in many places arches of Chinese lanterns were hung; and these, together with the illuminated windows and the brilliant streams from many calcium lights placed at intervals along the main thoroughfares, turned night into day. An immense torch-light procession ended the ceremonies. The demonstration was under the direction of the Central Republican Committee of the District, and many colored people were in the ranks. The line of march was taken up at the City Hall, and from there the column passed through Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House, from the grounds of which our sketch of the procession on page 224 was taken. After passing the President's mansion in review order, the procession proceeded to a number of the principal hotels, where prominent Senators and others were serenaded.

THE VANDEVEER RING.

"STUPID old heir-looms!" said Rose, with a grimace. "Why *didn't* my great-grandfathers leave me something more to the purpose out of all their worldly goods than an old silver snuff-box and a family ring half a mile too large for me?"

"I would sooner have something of this kind than the wealth of the Indies, 'pon my word! I'd sooner choose a wife with such a dower than from among your mushroom nabobs," said Angus Derrick, holding Rose's family ring in his white palm, and looking at it admiringly, as well as at its owner.

"*Would* you?" returned Rose. "Now how much do you suppose it is worth?"

"It is priceless—as an heir-loom."

"Doubtless, to those who care for heir-looms; but how much in a mercenary point of view?"

"You don't look at it from that point, surely?"

"Yes," replied Rose, doubtfully. "I don't mind telling you" (she did mind it very much, but meant to tell it all the same), "but I want some money *dreadfully*, for an object"—of charity, she was about to say—"for a *good* object. *I must have it*, and I've made up my mind to pawn my ring. But I don't want to be cheated, you know, in case I should never be able to redeem it, and I thought *you* would know about such things."

"I'm very sorry, Miss Rose," said her companion. "I—I wish you would exchange it with me—for a solitaire, now!"

"That wouldn't be fair," answered the absorbed girl; "and, besides, I want the money, not a solitaire."

"Yes? And then I—you should have no further lack of love or money."

"Oh, should I not? That would be pleasant indeed, but hardly fair to give so little and accept so much."

"But *I* do not haggle over the terms."

"It wouldn't be honest, you know. I thank you, Mr. Derrick; you are very kind. But no, I could not."

A brief silence followed, while the young man tried to swallow the bitter draught without distorting his handsome features.

"Since we can not arrive at a pleasant understanding on the subject, let us postpone it for to-day," he said. "You were speaking about a pawnbroker?"

"Yes; I thought *you* would know the value of such articles."

"Allow me to negotiate the affair for you. It is an awkward thing for a lady—for *you*—to be obliged to traffic with these men. I wish to Heaven you would let me help you in my own way. However, I shall be proud to be of service in your way."

"How kind you are! I shall be so grateful to you! You can't *think* how much I want this money. They would take advantage of a woman, I suppose. But I hate to trouble you."

"It is a happiness, Miss Rose;" and he placed the curious old ring in its case, and the case in his pocket. And as he walked away in his stately manner, his head elevated, and an affable smile about his lips, no one would have dreamed that he was a discarded suitor.

"What in the deuce can she want of the money? Must be a pretty strong *inducement* to make her part with an heir-loom!" he said to himself, and laughed at his own poor witticism. "Old Vandeveer would put her into a strait-jacket in no time if he knew; but as to giving her the money himself, he would be hanged first—on the genealogical tree. However, if I haven't the clew, I shall prove a fool for my pains."

An hour later, Miss Vandeveer was out walking in the wind on the causeway, and counting the sails of the mackerel fleet putting out to sea, in company with Austin Gregory, a penniless young fellow, who, by some ill luck, had lost his inheritance just as he emerged from college, and who was just now, with expensive tastes and extravagant ideas, keeping his head above water by means of tutoring. Presently Othello's occupation would be gone, and Mr. Austin Gregory would be hard up, in the hardest sense of the phrase.

"I've half a mind to ship before the mast or join a mackerel fleet myself," he was saying. "If I should come home some day with my weight in doubloons, what a clever fellow, what a *parti*, I should prove, seen through your worthy uncle's gold-bowed glasses!"

"I'm afraid he does think too much of money," said Rose, ruefully.

"He doesn't think much of me, that's certain, whatever the feelings of his amiable niece may be. A change has come over the spirit of his dream since that awkward affair of mine which obliges me to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow."

"You have not given up the idea of sheep-raising?" asked Rose, indifferently.

"I shouldn't give it up if I had the money to engage in it. You can't go into that sort of thing empty-handed. As I told you, Morgan wrote me, if I could raise twenty-five hundred dollars, I could join their enterprise, and in time—Heaven knows what might happen; only it's no use to speculate about it. I might as well try to raise the—the— Do you know, Derrick offered to lend me the cash?"

"That was generous of him, I'm sure," said Rose.

"Was it? I don't know. I hate suspicion, Rose, as well as ingratitude; but, do you know, he was so awfully off-hand about it that I fancied he wished to get me out of his way. If it was in mediæval days, I should be offered the hospitality of his castle instead, and allowed to stumble into an *oubliette*. Eh, Rose?"

"Oh, fie! why should he want you away, Sir?"

"You ought to know—but perhaps I flatter myself. Let me see: three weeks more of this beggarly tutoring, and then—chaos!"

"How melancholy you are! Shall we turn homeward?"

"If you say so. *I* should like to stay here in the sunset forever."

"But the sun won't be forever setting."

"When shall we two meet again?"

"It may be for years, and it may be never," sang Rose, lightly.

"By-the-way, I saw Derrick leaving your door to-day. What had he been saying to you, Rose?"

"There was never a Rose without a thorn."

"He had such an air of being master of the situation that— What had you been saying to him, Rose? Leading the scamp on, I dare say. You are all born flirts."

"What had I been saying to him?" returned Rose, the warm color rippling across her face in tidal waves. "I—I had not been saying much. How can I possibly remember?"

"Why do you blush, then? Blood will tell, says the old adage. He passed without knowing me, he was so involved in his pleasant thoughts. I feared you had really given him encouragement."

"What a romancer you are, Austin!" laughed Rose. "You ought to write a novel."

"What shall I call it? *Red as a Rose is she?* Well, adieu. If any thing turns up to my advantage, will you be glad to know it?"

"You know I shall."

"Even if it takes me out of Derrick's way?"

"How can you imagine that you are *in* his way, foolish fellow?"

"Well, then, perhaps he is in my way."

"And supposing he were? It seems to me you make an unnecessary bugbear of Mr. Derrick. I should think he was an ogre at least; do let us drop him."

"With all my heart—if you'll set the example."

The next time that Rose and Derrick met was in the grand right and left of the Lancers quadrille. "I've arranged that little affair," he said, holding her hand an instant too long. "The ring is—"

"Thanks," said Rose, hastily, as he released her to Austin Gregory.

"Confound his impudence! What right has he to have confidences with you?" grumbled Austin, beneath his breath.

Rose laughed gayly. "Hush! aren't you growing sour? Can't Mr. Derrick say a pleasant word to me without—"

"My interference?" flashed Austin.

Later, as he approached with the ice she had commissioned him to bring her, he saw Derrick bending over her and speaking in a somewhat eager aside, while Rose listened with attentive upturned face, and a world of interest in her tender eyes; then, before he could reach them, she had moved slowly away on Derrick's arm, he still bending toward her, she still absorbed. Had she forgotten Austin and his errand in this new interest?

He bestowed the ice on a neglected wall-flower, who warmed into speech under the attention.

"Mr. Derrick is very sweet on Miss Vandeveer, is he not? I fancy it will be a match shortly," she vouchsafed. "Really, you know, I couldn't help overhearing something about a ring while they talked together. I coughed and tried to show them that they had a listener, but they heard nobody but each other. Quite embarrassing, I assure you."

"About a ring?" repeated Austin, carelessly, with his heart in his mouth.

"Yes, truly, something about a ring, something he would carry to her to-morrow. I couldn't catch the exact words—not that I tried, you know—something about exchanging rings, I gathered. Isn't that the way they do in engagements?"

"You ought to know," returned Austin, gallantly.

"Oh Lor, now you *don't* believe *I* was ever engaged, Mr. Gregory? I do hope you don't consider me a flirt."

"Shall we take advantage of this waltz of Von Weber's?" he asked. He wanted to lose himself for a while in the frantic maelstrom; but when he had seated the exhausted wall-flower and rushed away to find Rose, he had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Derrick assist her into the carriage, which Uncle Vandeveer had sent at an early hour, and follow himself.

Could it be possible that Rose was playing false? he asked himself. Should he go to her to-morrow and intercept Derrick, and demand an explanation, and ask her to marry him? But how could one prove false who had made no professions? and what right had he to demand an explanation? and how could he ask her to marry a pauper? The poor fellow was aghast at his perils and perplexities. If Rose failed him, then let the solid earth fail beneath his feet. He would go away on a whaling voyage, to the devil, perchance. Yet what right had he, with nothing but a heart to offer, and hearts not commanding a premium, with no prospects that could be made available within these half dozen years—what right had he to stand between her and independence? Should he not prefer her happiness to his own? Yet he could not easily persuade himself that she would find it apart from him. Unhappy and restricted as she was in the state of dependence into which it had pleased Providence to call her, was it not natural that she should accept the succor at hand? While brooding, in the very Slough of Despond, over these thoughts next day, an expressman put into his hands a small package. He tore off the wrappings impatiently, and disclosed a roll of bank-bills. Austin stared wildly from the money to the expressman, as if one or the other should offer an explanation.

"All right, ain't it?" said the other. "Twenty-five hundred dollars? Don't fall short, eh?"

"Fall short! I'm afraid—I'm sorry to say—this is a mistake," said Austin.

"Ain't you Mr. Austin Gregory? Ain't you a tutor? Don't you live at No. 10 Avery Place?" asked the man, with an implied contempt of one who would hesitate about receiving money.

"Yes, but—"

"Then it's all right—express paid. Good-day, Sir."

"Yes, but—" pursued Austin. "Perhaps you could tell me from whom you received this package?"

"I reckon they wanted to keep dark. A woman, she brought it to the office—stranger to me; but she took a receipt in the name of John—no, James Morgan."

"Old Morgan!" cried Austin. "What a trump he is! Thank you, thank you. Good-morning."

Was not every thing righted by this stroke of luck? Had not Morgan loaned it out of pure friendship? Now he would join the sheep-raising enterprise in Virginia; he would ask Rose to promise to wait for him while he made a fortune. Now there was no reason why he should hesitate to tell her all his doubts and hopes. Now even old Vandeveer could not separate them, could not gainsay him. Going at a rapid pace to the music of his thoughts, with his eyes on the future, Austin quite naturally walked into a gentleman coming from the opposite direction. "Pardon," he said, hardly looking up, in his preoccupation—"a thousand pardons." And then the flash of a curious ring detained his glance—a quaint old intaglio set in diamonds, shining on the hand of Angus Derrick, the stone turned inward toward the white palm, but revealed when he lifted his hat.

"Where in the deuce are you going at this break-neck pace?" asked Derrick.

"Where in the deuce did you get that ring?" answered Gregory.

"Oh, this ring?"—with affected hesitation—"oh, it is—an heir-loom."

"It is not yours."

"Possession is nine-tenths of the law, and exchange is no robbery. See, it's a rare bit of workmanship, a relic of the days when a lifetime was spent upon the execution of these trifles. But, naturally, I value it more for the giver's sake than for its intrinsic worth."

The twenty-five hundred dollars in Austin's pocket had suddenly become as so much waste paper. He was no longer in a hurry; he walked like an old man, with bent shoulders, and an air as if he had given up battling for any thing. Why should he hasten to tell Rose of his good fortune, since she had given Derrick that precious heir-loom, the Vandeveer ring, which no woman would give to any but an accepted lover? With the money which he had longed for in his hands, it seemed to him as if he were beggared as never before. He went to his lodgings, packed his wardrobe, and took the evening train on his journey to Virginia. Then he remembered that he had promised to tell Rose if any thing turned up to his advantage, and he dropped her a few words.

"DEAR MISS VANDEVEER"—he wrote—"though absorbed in your own happiness, you may be interested to know that, through the timely interposition of a friend, I have obtained sufficient capital to engage in sheep-raising, and I am even now on my way to Virginia and El Dorado. This may be superfluous information on my part, as you may have forgotten that I wished to join such an enterprise, or that I required the shekels. Though our friendship has come to an untimely end, I wish you every blessing, while I need not beg you to forget AUSTIN GREGORY."

"What a wretched little flirt!" he thought. "If she did not care for me, she was a consummate actress; and if she did—the worse for her. I will show her that I am not heart-broken, at least. There are as good fish in the sea as ever yet were caught, though I'll never trust one of them again."

But, for all his bravado, he was as nearly heart-broken as it is possible for one of the sterner sex to be.

Mr. Derrick had merely said to Rose during that conversation which the wall-flower magnified and misinterpreted, "I find that your ring is much more valuable than I supposed—an intaglio, executed in the very best manner; and the diamonds—the solitaire I proposed would indeed be a most unfair exchange, but for the motive that prompted it."

"Yes," answered Rose, ignoring the motive, "I supposed it would bring some hundreds." And then he had gone on to tell her what sum he had been able to raise on it at the pawnbroker's; and Rose listened with bated breath, the color rising and receding upon her cheek. A looker-on might easily have mistaken the interest. He brought the amount to her on the following day.

"I knew the ring was valuable, but I never dreamed of such a harvest! Why, I should be able to supply all the American squaws with a blanket and—"

"I must confess I am curious to know what you are going to do with it," laughed Derrick. "Some missionary folly, I suppose, inspired by Mrs. Jellyby."

"You mustn't ask me," she returned; "I can only tell you that it is not a folly."

And all the while Mr. Derrick knew perfectly well what she would do with it, and had taken the matter in hand on the strength of that knowledge. In the mean time Rose had never heard of a pawnbroker's ticket, and he did not offer her one, for very good reasons—the ring had never been at the pawnbroker's at all; it was even

then reposing in Mr. Derrick's pocket; he had simply taken it to the jeweler's and priced it.

"All's fair in love and war," he said to himself.

Austin Gregory's letter was, naturally, an immense surprise to Rose. What had she done to merit such coldness and cruelty? "Her happiness!"—had he not taken it away with him? Why should he doubt her interest in his prospects, she who had them always in mind? What a mockery it was to wish her every blessing, and yet to say that their friendship had come to an untimely end!

"All's fair in love and war," Mr. Derrick repeated, as he put on the Vandeveer ring with the express purpose of bringing it to the notice of Austin Gregory, and proceeded to go out of his way to meet him. Being familiar with Austin's impulsive nature, he felt no doubt but that young man would act with the desperation becoming to a deceived lover; and even if he hastened to Rose and demanded an explanation, she would be the last person able to offer one; and, furthermore, Mr. Derrick had ascertained that she had gone to the city, in order to forward the money by express without betraying herself, thereby avoiding the chance of a refusal, and sparing her lover's pride, and had not returned; and even should Austin await her return, it would not be clear to her mind that Derrick had been seen in possession of the ring *after* it was supposed to be at the pawnbroker's. But after this encounter with Austin on that eventful day, Mr. Derrick had gone to his office, and had there found a telegram urging his immediate presence at the death-bed of a distant relative, to draw up a will at the last moment—a journey involving forty miles of railroad travel and ten of hard riding, but perhaps a legacy as well. The summons was so imperative, the train so nearly due, that he had no time to think of any thing but answering the one and catching the other. Arrived at Fareville Station, he procured a saddle-horse and started for Amity Place: but he never reached it. Old Mr. Lucre died intestate; and a farmer going into Fareville next morning, with the news and a load of meadow hay, found a strange man lying across the dusty highway, whose only bruise, besides a broken arm, was a small gash on the temple, caused by the sharp fracture of a curious stone in intaglio, which he wore on his finger. It was not difficult to identify the dead stranger with the lawyer who had been expected at Amity Place. It seemed to Rose, already benumbed by Austin's unkindness, as if the world had swung out of its orbit and was chopping into ruin. Derrick's sudden death was no less unreal to her than Austin's desertion.

"Cut his temple on a sharp stone, they say," echoed Mr. Vandeveer; "that lets the life out in a jiffy! Poor Derrick! Well, Miss Rose, what are you pulling a long face about? You might have said, 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good!' You might have been a pretty widow today, up to your chin in bank-notes, but for your beggarly nonsense!"

But Rose's share in the disaster was not to end here: Mr. Vandeveer called her into the library one morning, after having been closeted with Derrick's executor for some time.

"Oh, I hope—*I hope* he has not left me any thing in his will!" prayed Rose. "I could never accept it, and it would be the last drop in Uncle Vandeveer's cup of anger."

"I understand, miss, that you have been borrowing money." And one would have gathered from Mr. Vandeveer's air that the aforesaid cup was already full to overflowing.

"Borrowing money, uncle! What *do* you mean?"

"None of your fine lady evasions. I mean borrowing money."

"I have done nothing of the kind, Sir. How could you entertain such an idea?"

"Don't tell me! It's down in black and white in Derrick's account-book."

"Oh!" said Rose, light breaking in upon her, rather unpleasantly.

"Then you *don't* mean to deny it?"

"I never borrowed money of Mr. Derrick."

"Then why has he set it down in his private accounts, 'Loaned Rose Vandeveer twenty-five hundred dollars?' That's a sweet sum for *you* to have the handling of. Bring it to me. Though I dare say it's spent."

"I haven't a cent of it, uncle," said Rose. "I didn't borrow it of Mr. Derrick: he is dead, and I will not blame him. I—I—I can't tell you about it; but was there no mention of value received?"

"Value fiddle-sticks! It's as plain as a man's nose on his face that you had this money. You may as well own up."

"Yes, I received twenty-five hundred dollars *through* Mr. Derrick, but not *from* him—that is to say, he raised that amount for me at a pawnbroker's on something of mine."

"What in the name of common-sense did you have worth twenty-five hundred dollars? And where is your ticket?"

"My what?"

"Your pawnbroker's ticket, you dunce; they *always* give one. Do you think you're able to hoodwink *me*?"

"I didn't know any thing of a ticket. As Mr. Derrick did the business, he must have kept it."

"In that case it would be among his effects. What did you pawn—some of my plate? You'll have to tell the whole story before the affair can be settled."

"Well, I pawned my ring."

"The devil! The Vandeveer ring!" The audacity of the thing seemed too enormous for Mr. Vandeveer to digest at once. Rose looked out of the window in black despair. Was this the reward of all her good intentions? "The Vandeveer ring!" he repeated, as soon as he could catch his breath. "I wouldn't have had any thing happen to that ring for my right hand. It's an heirloom, you hussy.

'When Vandeveer's ring is broken in twain,
Vandeveer's fortunes are on the wane.'

That's the distich engraved on it."

"The pawnbroker is accountable."

"The pawnbroker be hanged! You must be a driveling idiot to suppose that ring to be worth twenty-five hundred dollars."

Rose gave a sharp cry, and hid her face in her hands.

"Good!" applauded her uncle. "You'll shed buckets of tears over the job before you're done with it—as you deserve. There's the two thousand your uncle Tom left you in the Ingot Bank—every cent of it will have to go to make up the deficiency; and then where'll you be?"

"Two thousand my uncle Tom left me! Why did I not know of this before? And then I need never have troubled Mr. Derrick."

"Why didn't you know of it? Because I didn't choose you should, nor spend it either. Let me tell you, when I saw that ring among Derrick's things, when Wheatly showed me it, I supposed you had given it as a love token."

"Oh, then the ring is safe, after all?"

"Safe! the deuce! do you call this safe?" holding up the two fragments of the ancient heirloom. "Safe with a vengeance!

'When Vandeveer's ring is broken in twain,
Vandeveer's fortunes are on the wane.'

Do you see that point where the gem split? That's what ended Derrick's career as neatly as a bare bodkin. He had it on his ring finger, you see, when his horse threw him—you thought it was in pawn at the time—the stone was splintered; this sharp projection pierced his temple; that was all. Looks as if you had murdered him, doesn't it?"

"Murdered him! murdered him! Oh! oh! oh!" cried Rose, wringing her hands like some demented ghost.

"Come, none of your hysterics!" cried her affectionate relative. "Now *I* want to know what you did with the money. Speak! No driveling!"

"I can not tell you."

"You shall!"

"Never!"

"Then leave my roof."

"Where shall I go?"

"To the devil, or the work-house, for aught I care. Go, you arrant hussy!

'When Vandeveer's ring is broken in twain,
Vandeveer's fortunes are on the wane.'

Do you hear that? Go!"

And Rose went.

It is ten years since Miss Vandeveer left her uncle's door to earn her own bread, and since that time Mr. Vandeveer has paid the debt of nature, to be sure, but his estate has proved insolvent. In the mean time, if Vandeveer's fortunes are on the wane, Austin Gregory's have increased. He is a rich man to-day—rich enough to marry a king's daughter if he wanted her. But during all this decade he has had no tidings of the girl he left behind him. He imagines that he has given up thinking about her, and has diverted his mind with profits on wool; but in truth she is always in his thoughts, and he can not shut her out. She enters in all her debonair beauty, as he beheld her last, with a blush on her dimpled cheek, a smile on her lips, and a light in her eyes as they meet his, more eloquent than words. He has forgotten that it is possible for that rose hue to blanch, for that smile to fail—"nothing of her that doth fade," to his mind's eye. But he found out long ago that he did not owe his start in life to Morgan. On first reaching Shearing Station he had said, with effusion, "You're surely the best fellow in the world, Morgan. I can never do too much for you, and no amount of money will repay your friendship," and Morgan had stared a little at such a gush, and merely answered, "I only did as I'd be done by—let a fellow have an even chance." And not till several years later did he discover that Morgan was ignorant and innocent of the transaction; but he felt as if he would rather be penniless than indebted for it to Mr. Derrick; yet as Derrick knew nothing of Morgan, would he have been likely to use his name? However, to make assurance doubly sure, he wrote to Mr. Derrick, and naturally receiving no reply, "he put the question by." To be sure, he promised himself from time to time that he would go back to the old place and see Derrick about it, and ferret out his unknown benefactor; but ten years had elapsed before he could find the leisure. He set out the morning after his arrival to find Derrick's office; but, lo! another reigned in his stead. "I'm afraid I've made a blunder," he explained. "I am looking for Mr. Angus Derrick's office. Can you direct me?"

"Derrick? There's no such lawyer in the city that I'm aware of. Here, Blotter, get out the directory and look for Derrick."

Austin returned to his hotel. "Can you tell me any thing about a Mr. Derrick?" he asked of the landlord.

"Never heard of the fellow," said he. "I ain't native to these parts myself; was raised in the Granite State. Ever hear any thing of a fellow named Derrick, Dwindle?" he asked of an antiquated bar-room loafer.

"Lawyer Derrick?" mumbled Dwindle. "Ye ain't got nothing chalked down agin him, hev ye? Bless ye, he's paid up old scores and gone to his account these ten year. If ye want him, ye'll hev to look for him on Burying Hill, I reckon."

"Dead!" said Austin. "Where shall I find his widow?"

"Widder? I never heerd tell of her. He didn't leave such a powerful lump of money as was expected, neither. Lawyer Wheatly settled things. He's an older man than I be, Lawyer Wheatly is, not to say richer. He lives with his son's folks in Fortunate Row; has the asthmy terrible."

Mr. Gregory betook himself to Fortunate Row without delay. As he was ushered into the hall, a slender woman was marshaling a bevy of rosy children toward the school-room. She did not turn her head, though she must have known that a stranger had entered; but for an instant a pale weary face, like that of some ghost, was reflected faintly in the great mirror lining the further end of the hall, as if a spirit had passed by, while one of the children cried, "Oh, dear Miss Van, *do* let me see who has come in! it may be papa with the rocking-horse;" and then followed the tinkle of a bell and the subdued murmur of little silvery voices. And once or twice the school-room door opened suddenly, as if some one had looked in, and a chorus of cries issued—"*Has* papa come? Does it look like a live horse? Miss Van says it *will* have a mane! Bob says it will kick—guns kick!" in a volley of interrogations. And presently old Mr. Wheatly shuffled into the library, and Austin opened his case.

"No, Sir," said Mr. Wheatly; "there was no record of twenty-five hundred dollars against you among Derrick's accounts. But—it's something I never mentioned before; you seem to form an exception—but, between you and me, there *was* that identical sum charged to a young lady of Derrick's acquaintance—perhaps you knew her—Miss Rose Vandeveer?"

"Rose!" gasped Austin.

"The same. There was something a little queer about it," the garrulous old man pursued. "It never got aired, though the amount was paid out of a legacy left by her uncle Tom—took every cent of it, too—but she never would tell what she did with it. Spent it, I s'pose, on ribbons and millinery."

"Had she borrowed it of Derrick?" asked Austin.

"Not a bit of it; that is, she had given him a curious old family ring to pawn, and the spooney fellow had let her have twenty-five hundred dollars on it—made believe he raised it at pawn; but the worst of it was that he had the ring on when his horse threw him, and it splintered and pierced his temple. Poor Derrick! Old Vandeveer was in a towering passion with the girl, I promise you—had some silly superstition about the ring—and turned her out of doors."

"Out of doors!—Rose out of doors!"

"Ahem! and so she wanted the money for you? That's the sequel, eh? Murder will out."

"Turned Rose out of doors—ten years ago!" cried Austin, white and quivering, with his hand already on the door, as if he would go to seek her. "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Wheatly, do you know any thing about her? could you give me any clew, any—"

"Rob," said Grandpa Wheatly, addressing a pair of roguish eyes peering through the crack of the door—"Rob, go and call Miss Van. You'll excuse me, Mr. Gregory; I left my snuff-box in my room. I'll return anon, as they say in the play."

Yesterday Rob Wheatly said to his new governess, "I wish somebody 'd marry you, like he did Miss Van, and there'd be no more lessons, and I should put on my best jacket, and eat wedding cake all day, and have the doctor to-morrow. But I don't s'pose any body will."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH, 1877.

Sunday, 25.—Sixth Sunday in Lent; Annunciation of the Virgin Mary.
Friday, 30.—Good-Friday.
Saturday, 31.—Easter-even.

A WARNING has been given to the Christian world not to expect the suppression of the slave-trade in the territories recently acquired by Egypt. Colonel GORDON'S appointment to the supreme governorship of Soudan has excited much hope, but if reports are true, he will be powerless to resist the slave-traders. Mr. AARON BUZACOTT, secretary of the British and Foreign Antislavery Society, in a letter to the London *Daily News*, calls attention to the fact that "the promises made by the Khedive to Sir SAMUEL BAKER were never kept. Colonel GORDON also," says the secretary, "found to his mortification that every district added to Egypt immediately became subject to the slave-trade." He thinks that the expedition of M'KILLOP PASHA against the slave-traders on the Red Sea will end in nothing.

The full programme of the Pan-Presbyterian Council has appeared. The session will extend from Monday, July 2, to Monday, July 9. On the first day there will be a public reception of delegates; on Tuesday, July 3, reports on statistics, and addresses from representatives of Presbyterianism in various parts of the world; on Wednesday, July 4, "the Harmony of Reformed Confessions" and "Presbyterianism in Relation to the Wants and Tendencies of the Day" will be considered; Thursday, July 5, will be devoted to the "Home Work of Presbyterianism;" in the evening, "the Reformed Churches of the Continent" will be the topic; Friday, July 6, will be given to Foreign Missions; Saturday, to "Unbelief, Christian Life, the Training of the Young;" and Monday, to "Presbyterian Literature." After the formal adjournment of the Council, public meetings will be held in Edinburgh and other cities.

The troubles in St. James's Church, Hatcham, have not ended with the release of Mr. TOOTH from prison. The parishioners are divided into two parties, ritualist and anti-ritualist. Their animosity toward each other is so great that they can not worship together harmoniously. On the Sunday after the rector was set free, service was conducted by the newly appointed curate. The church was densely crowded, the ritualists numbering about three hundred, and the anti-ritualists about seven hundred. When the three hundred stood up, the seven hundred sat down. When the seven hundred rose to sing the "Venite," the three hundred went down upon their knees. When the curate proceeded to celebrate the Communion, the ritualist party left the church in a body. There was trouble, too, among the anti-ritualist worshipers. Some thought that the officiating clergyman violated Church order by facing toward the east in the reading of the Litany. A zealous warden slyly turned the "fal-stool" so as to compel him to face the people. The curate very properly objected to compulsion under such circumstances.

The ritualists have a strong support in the adhesion of numbers of the laity. Among their lay friends are working-men who are devoted to their favorite clergymen. Ritualism in England can not be dealt with as a clerical caprice; it has a compact organization, whose members exhibit the tenacity characteristic of the English race. The inhibition of Mr. TOOTH expires March 17, but will, no doubt, be renewed. The law provides that an inhibition shall not be relaxed unless the incumbent undertakes, in writing, to give heed to the monition of the court; if it continues in force three years, the living is declared vacant.

The extent of Mr. MOODY'S success in Boston is a matter much discussed in the papers. The *Congregationalist* says that "the work at the Tabernacle goes prosperously on: we can not say with increasing or even with unabated interest, for the fact is not to be concealed that there has been some falling off in the size of the congregations. The attendance, however, remains very large, and continues to present a most important field for effort." A Christian Convention has been announced to begin March 13.

The Pope is about to carry the decree of infallibity to its logical conclusion. Recently he referred to the congregations at Rome the question of re-assembling the Vatican Council. He was advised that it was not at present expedient to call the bishops together again. He has, therefore, says the London *Times*, "distributed for study the questions left undetermined, with a view of determining if by his proper authority he can solve them."

The *Missionary*, the organ of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, which is published in Charleston, South Carolina, states that the disposition to migrate to Africa is very strong among the freedmen of the South. "We are in receipt," it says, "of letters from Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, and Mississippi, all expressing the desire to leave the country. There will be a mighty exodus to Africa in a few years." There is nothing improbable in such a movement. As the freedman becomes intelligent, he will become, as other intelligent races have become, migratory. So far the transfer of the Americo-African to the home of his ancestors has been the work of churches and benevolent societies.

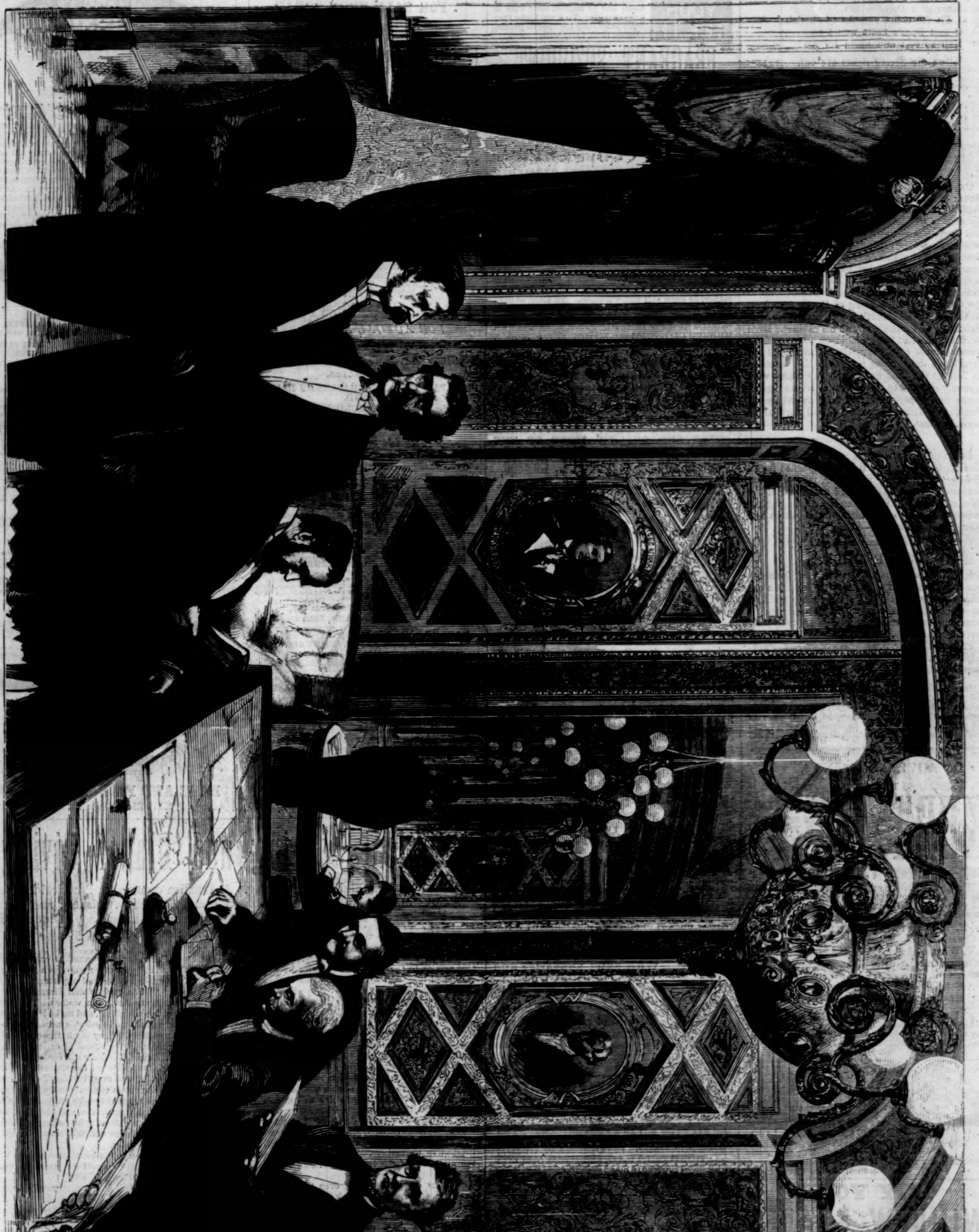
Bishop LEVIN T. REICHEL, of the Moravian Church, furnishes in the denominational paper a most interesting account of his visit last summer to the Brethren's missions to the Esquimaux on the coast of Labrador. These missions have been maintained with great persistence, and have had good success. The Esquimaux are making progress in civilization. At one station, Hoffenthal, the bishop states, "the houses of the natives are log or frame buildings, some of them having a garden patch for cabbage and turnips on the top of the roof. Some of the houses are divided into different apartments." These Esquimaux have ceased to depend upon hunting for a subsistence, and have engaged in fishing, which they find very lucrative. Their church has an organ, and is well attended. Bishop REICHEL sailed from London in the Church's mission ship, the *Harmony*, which made in 1876 her sixteenth voyage to Labrador.

Seven distinct Protestant bodies are represented by missions and churches in the city of Rome—a number large enough to assure the Catholics of the city that the forms of Protestant faith are very various. First in age and honor are the Waldensians, who are aided by the Presbyterians of Scotland and the United States; the next in order is the Free Church, represented by GAVAZZI; then follow Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, both American and English, the American Union Church, and the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The finest Protestant church edifice in the city is the St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal, which was consecrated March, 1876, by Bishop LITTLEJOHN, of the diocese of Long Island. The Protestant population of Rome is estimated at 4000.

A very interesting service was held in the Lichfield Cathedral, England, on Saturday night, February 17, at eleven o'clock. The Rev. JOHN RICHARDSON SELWYN, the son of the bishop of that diocese, has been elected bishop of the islands known as Melanesia, in the South Pacific Ocean. They are the islands where Bishop PATTESON planted Christianity, and where he was murdered by the natives. The day appointed for the consecration of the new bishop was February 18, in the morning; making the due allowance for the difference of time, his father held in the Lichfield Cathedral a service simultaneous with that going on on the other side of the world. Bishop SELWYN, the elder, was himself Bishop of New Zealand before his translation to Lichfield.

Much excitement has been created in France by the Lenten pastoral of the Archbishop of Cambrai. He advises his people that clericalism, ultramontanism, and Jesuitism are one and the same thing. "There was a time," says the bishop, "when a certain theological opinion was commonly professed in France concerning the authority of the Pope. It was restricted to our nation, and was of recent origin. The civil power during a century and a half imposed official instruction. Those who professed these opinions were called Gallicans, and those who protested were called ultramontanes, because they had their doctrinal centre beyond the Alps, at Rome. To-day the distinction between the two schools is no longer admissible. Theological Gallicism can no longer exist, since this opinion has ceased to be tolerated by the Church. It has been solemnly condemned, past all return, by the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican."

"ANOTHER SUCH VICTORY, AND I AM UNDONE."—Pyrrhus.



PRESIDENT GRANT AND HIS CABINET AT THE CAPITOL, MIDNIGHT, MARCH 3.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 234.]

AT THE PLAY.

DORA seated at the play
  Weeps to see the hero perish—
Hero of a Dresden day,
  Fit for china nymphs to cherish;
O that Dora's heart would be
Half so soft and warm for me!

When the flaring lights are out,
  His heroic deeds are over,
Gone his splendid strut and shout,
  Gone his raptures of a lover,
While my humdrum heart you'd find
True, though out of sight and mind.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S LAST CABINET MEETING.

ON page 233 will be found an interesting sketch of President GRANT'S last evening at the Capitol in his official capacity. Owing to the excitement of the debates on the work of the Electoral Commission, the ordinary business of legislation was so long neglected in Congress that the closing hours of the session found an immense accumulation of bills before both Houses. To save time, and facilitate the business of signing such bills as were passed, the President went to the Capitol on the evening of March 3, and remained in the President's Room until after midnight. He was attended by all his cabinet. Even Mr. FISH, who had been unable, on account of the serious illness of a near relative, to attend the President's dinner, was present at this meeting. As fast as the bills were brought in they were severally referred to the officers to whose departments they appertained, and then signed by the President. This was the last official work of his administration.

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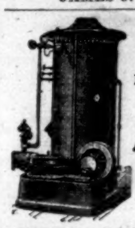

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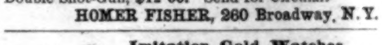

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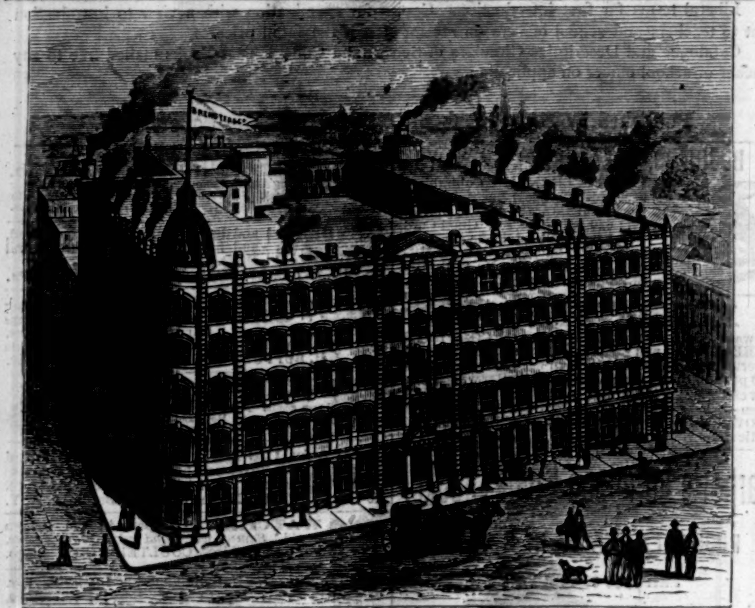

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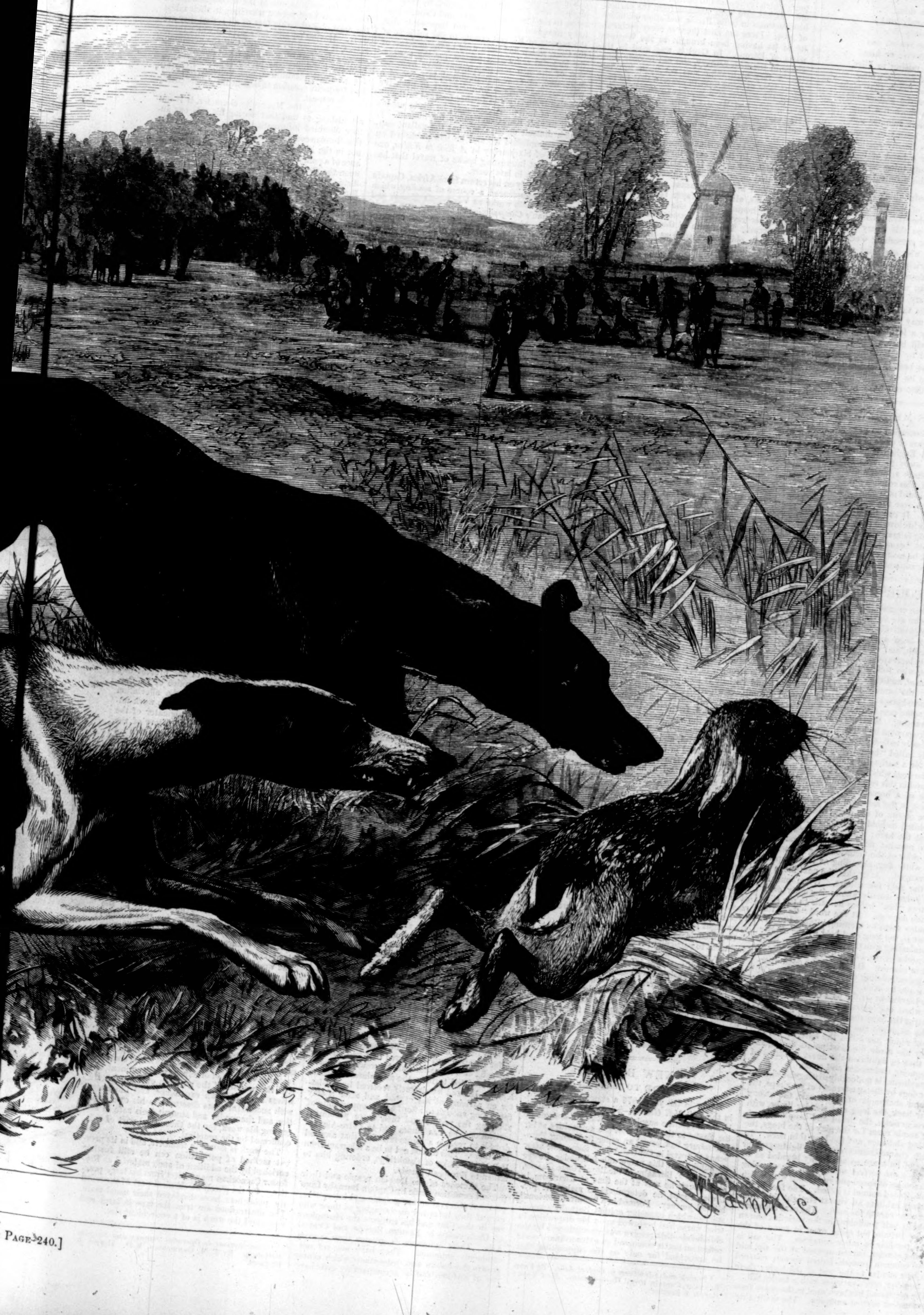

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